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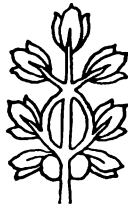
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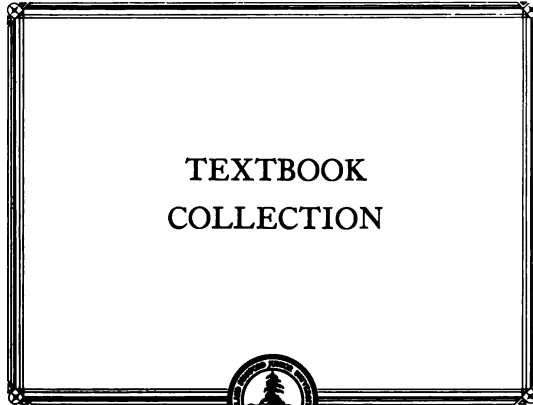
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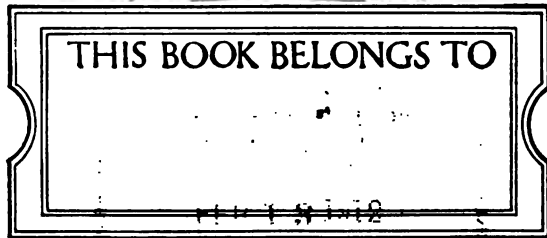
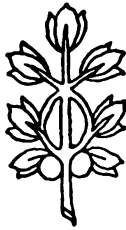
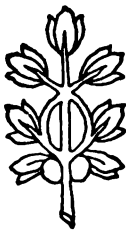


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**THE RIVERSIDE  
SECOND READER**



"THEN BROTHER RABBIT, BROTHER MOLE, AND BROTHER FOX  
WENT HOME." [Page 118.]



♦ THE RIVERSIDE READERS ♦

# SECOND READER

BY

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## TO THE GIRLS AND BOYS<sup>1</sup>

How fast you are growing up! Only a short time ago you began to go to school, and now you are starting on your second school year.

Do you remember your first day of school? What a big, strange building the school-house was! And you had never seen so many children together as you found gathered about the school building that first day.

Do you remember how strange those little black marks in the book looked—those little black marks that the teacher called *words*? You wondered how the older girls and boys that you heard reading got such interesting stories from those black marks.

Soon you began to understand. You found that just as the pictures in books told you many stories about animals and birds and people, so these strange little marks running across the page opened up a Storyland to you. In this Storyland you met not only the kinds of persons and things that you see every day, but fairy-

<sup>1</sup> To be read to the pupils.

folk, and birds and bees that could talk, and strange animals that had wonderful adventures.

What a delightful place is Storyland! And here is another book to lead you farther into this fairyland, where even stranger things will happen and more wonderful people be seen.

Come, the Storyland Express is ready to start. All aboard!

THE EDITORS.

# THE RIVERSIDE SECOND READER



## THE WISE BOOK

My book is very wise indeed !  
As soon as I sit down to read,  
It opens wide upon my knee  
Just at the page I want to see.  
Oh, say, how can the book have guessed  
Which tale I love the very best ?

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

## THE SWALLOW

Fly away, fly away, over the sea,  
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done ;  
Come again, come again, come back to me,  
Bringing the summer, and bringing the sun.

When you come hurrying home o'er the sea,  
Then we are certain that winter is past ;  
Cloudy and cold though your pathway may be,  
Summer and sunshine will follow you fast.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.





## THE CRAB AND THE GRAB

The sky was blue, very blue ; the water was bright, very bright ; and the silver sand stretched away and away.

The boy looked at the blue sky, at the bright water, and at the silver sand. Then he spied a crab.

“Oh,” thought the boy, “now for some fun ! I’ll get a crab.”

The sky was blue, very blue ; the water



was bright, very bright; and the silver sand stretched away and away.

The crab looked at the blue sky, at the bright water, and at the silver sand. Then he spied a boy.

“Oh,” thought the crab, “now for some fun! I’ll get a grab.”





## SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP !

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Thy father watches his sheep ;

Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,

And down comes a little dream on thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !

The large stars are the sheep ;

The little stars are the lambs, I guess ;

And the gentle moon is the shepherdess.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

*A German Lullaby.*

## THE SKY DIPPERS



Have you ever seen the big dipper in the sky? See, here is a picture of

it! It is made of seven stars.

Now, any bright night you can find the big dipper in the sky; and, if you look well, you will find a little dipper, too.

Will you find a big bucket by the big dipper, and a little bucket by the little dipper? No, there are no buckets. You will find only the big dipper and the little dipper.

Why, do you think, are the dippers in the sky?

Do you think that the moon shepherdess takes her sheep and lambs to water? Do you think that the big star sheep drink from the big dipper, and the little star lambs from the little dipper?

It may be so.

But would you like to know what I think?

I think that the big sky dipper is for the big sky bear, and the little sky dipper is for the little sky bear.

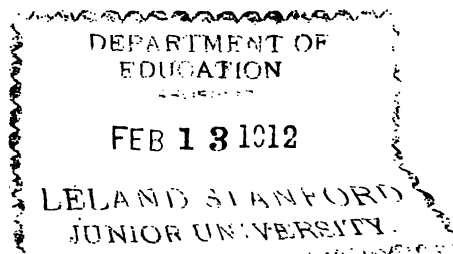
You've never seen bears in the sky? Then I must make you a picture of the big sky bear. And here he is!



Have I ever seen the sky bears drink? No, I never have. But I think that some time, when I am not looking, the little dipper goes tip, tip. Then, quick as a wink, the little bear has a drink. And the big dipper goes tip, tip. Then, quick as a wink, the big bear has a drink.

I think that the big bear needs a big dipper, and that the little bear needs a little dipper; and that is why there are dippers in the sky.

It must be so.





## MAKING A HOUSE

First of all, I draw the smoke  
Trailing up the sky;  
Then the chimney, underneath;  
And birds all flying by;  
Then the house; and every window,  
Watching, like an eye.

Everybody else begins  
With the house. But I  
Love the smoke the best of all;  
And you don't know why! . . .  
Here it goes, — like little feathers,  
Sailing up the sky!

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.



## DRESSMAKING

My mother buys a piece of cloth  
To make a frock for me,  
She cuts it up in little bits,  
Though why I cannot see.

She cuts it all in little bits,  
And then, with might and main,  
She sews and sews and sews and sews,  
And sews it up again!

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

## THE WEE WEE WOMAN



Once upon a time there was a wee wee woman, who lived in a wee wee house.

One night, when she was in her wee wee bed, she heard a noise!

So she crept out of bed and lighted her wee wee candle.

She looked under her wee wee bed. She looked under her wee wee table. She looked under her wee wee chair.

There was nothing there.

So she blew out her wee wee candle and crept back into her wee wee bed.

The wee wee woman closed her eyes. She was just going to sleep, when — she heard a noise!

So she crept out of her wee wee bed and

lighted her wee wee candle and crept down her wee wee stairs.

She went into her wee wee sitting room. She looked under her wee wee table. She looked under her wee wee chairs.

There was nothing there.

So she crept up her wee wee stairs. She blew out her wee wee candle. She crept into her wee wee bed.

The wee wee woman closed her eyes. She was just going to sleep, when — she heard a noise!

She crept out of bed. She lighted her candle. She crept down stairs. She went into her wee wee dining room. She crept to the table. She lifted the cloth. She peeped under. And out popped — boo!

“Well, well,” said the wee wee woman, “think of that! To be frightened by nothing but boo!”

*An Old Tale.*



## THE WIND

Who has seen the wind ?

Neither I nor you ;

But when the leaves hang trembling,

The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind ?

Neither you nor I ;

But when the trees bow down their heads,

The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

## THE FOOLISH WEATHERCOCK

## I



Once a weathercock stood on  
a tall steeple, in a little town by  
the sea.

Sometimes the weathercock  
looked toward the sea. He could watch the  
white waves rolling in. He could watch the

ships sailing. He could see the sea birds flying. He could see the children playing in the sand.

Sometimes he looked toward the land. Then he could watch the farmers cut the hay and the grain. He could see them take the sheep and the cows to pasture.

When the wind blew, the weathercock turned round and round.

Every day the sailors would look at the weathercock. If he turned to the east, they would say, —

“We must stay at home to-day.”

If he turned to the west, they would sing, —

“Oh, the weathercock says  
That the wind's from the west;  
And the weathercock knows  
Which wind is best.”

Then they would put out to sea.

Every day the farmers would look at the weathercock.

22      THE FOOLISH WEATHERCOCK

Sometimes he would tell them that the wind would bring rain.

Sometimes he would stand still on his steeple, then turn around to the west. So he would tell the farmers that the day would be fair. And the farmers would sing, —

“The weathercock says  
’T will be fair to-day;  
So come, lads, come  
To the fields away!”

Then they would go away to the fields to work.

II

One day the weathercock began to think how important he was. At first this pleased him, and he sang, —

“Oh, farmers and sailors  
They look at me,  
Ere they till the ground  
Or sail the sea.”

The weathercock sang his little song over and over. Then he began to wonder if the farmers and the sailors knew how important he was.

"They never thank me," he said. "Why do I work for them? I will stop!"

Then a wind came by.

It said to the grain, "Bow down!" And the grain in the wide fields bowed before the wind.

It said to the trees, "Bow down!" And all the trees bowed before the wind.

It said to the weathercock, "Turn! Turn!" But the weathercock would not turn.

Then the wind blew the little weathercock right off the top of the steeple, and it lay on the ground all night.

"Now," said the little weathercock, "the farmers and the sailors will know how important I am! They will miss me in the morning. How sorry they will be!"



## III

In the morning, the sailors looked to see the weathercock on the steeple. They did not see him. But they saw the smoke trailing up from the chimneys. They sang, —

“The smoke clouds say  
That the wind’s from the west;  
And the smoke clouds know  
Which wind is best.”

Then they put out to sea.

The farmers looked to see the weathercock on the steeple. They did not see him. But

they saw the leaves on the trees turning to the west. They sang, —

“The little leaves say  
’T will be fair to-day;  
So come, lads, come  
To the fields away!”

Then they went to work in the fields.

#### IV

The little weathercock was not at all happy, as he lay on the ground.

“The sailors did not need me,” he said;  
“and the farmers did not need me. Why did I not turn with the wind?”

In the afternoon, some men came. They put the weathercock back in his place on top of the steeple. The wind blew, and the weathercock turned.

Then the weathercock was as happy as could be. He was so happy that he sang

most of the time. And always the song that he sang was this:—

“North or South,  
Or East or West,  
I will always turn  
As the wind thinks best!”

MRS. NORDLAND. *Adapted.*

## THE LITTLE SHEPHERD

### I

TIME: Morning

PLACE: The shepherd's home.

FATHER

GRANDFATHER

MOTHER

JOHN

SHEEP

[*The SHEPHERD and his family are standing by the sheep pen.*]

MOTHER. Your father is not well this morning, John. I wonder who will take the sheep to the pasture.

JOHN. I will, mother. Please let me.

GRANDFATHER. Let the lad go. When I was a boy like John, I watched my father's sheep.

FATHER. Yes, let him go. I am sure he can look after the sheep.

MOTHER. Very well. Here is your bread and cheese, John. You will find some good things with it.

FATHER. And keep the sheep from the forest, John.

GRANDFATHER. And watch! For it is when the shepherd is not watching that the wolf comes.

JOHN. The wolf shan't get any of my white lambs. Come, pretty sheep! Come, pretty ones all! I will take you to the green meadows.

SHEEP (*running toward John*). Baa! Baa!  
[*John and the Sheep go to the pasture.*]



## II

TIME : Just before noon.

PLACE : The pasture beside a road and a forest.

JOHN

SHEEP

SHEPHERDS

WOLF

KING, KNIGHTS

[SHEPHERDS *are sitting under the trees, eating.*  
*Sound of horn is heard far off.*]

SHEPHERDS. The King and his knights are coming! Come, let us see them go by!

JOHN. But who will take care of the sheep?

SHEPHERDS. Oh, the sheep will be all right.

[*The Shepherds jump up, and start to go.*]

JOHN (*to himself*). I think I will go, too.  
How pleased mother will be when she hears that I have seen the King!

SHEPHERDS. Come on! Hurry! Hurry! Come on, John!

[*They go, running.*]

JOHN. No-o! I think I 'd better not go.

Grandfather says that it is when the shepherd is not watching that the wolf comes. I must watch the sheep.

[WOLF comes creeping through the forest.]

WOLF. There is no one here but this little boy. Now is my time. I'll get a fine lamb!



JOHN. Help! Help! Help! The wolf!  
The wolf!

[SHEPHERD, KING, and KNIGHTS all come hurrying.]

SHEPHERD, KING, KNIGHTS. Where? Where?

[Wolf runs into the forest, and King and Knights ride away.]

## III

TIME: Evening.

PLACE: Before the shepherd's home.

JOHN

MOTHER

FATHER

GRANDFATHER

SHEEP

*[All come out to meet John, who brings the Sheep.]*

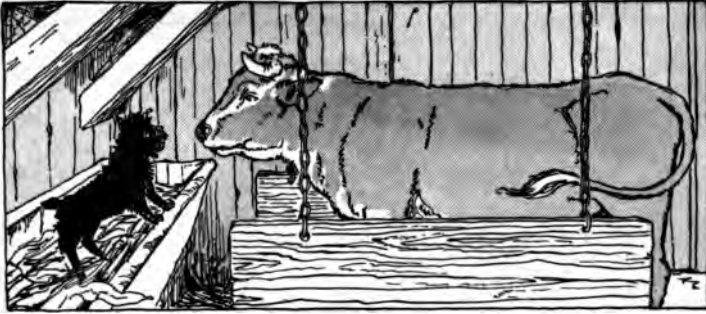
MOTHER. Was the day long?

FATHER. Are the sheep all here?

GRANDFATHER. Did the wolf come?

JOHN. O mother! mother! the King and his knights came riding by, and all the shepherds went to see him. But I remembered what grandfather had said, and did not go. While they were gone, a wolf came. I called and called; and, O mother! the King and his knights came into the pasture and made the wolf run away. So I did see the King, after all!

*A German Tale.*



## THE DOG IN THE MANGER

The ox was hungry. He went to the barn, and put his head down into the manger.

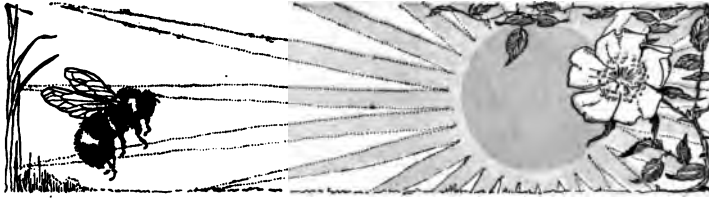
“Bow-wow! Bow-wow!” snapped a little black dog right under his nose.

“Come,” said the ox, “you must get out of my manger. You do not eat hay.”

“Bow-wow!” snapped the dog; but he did not get up. “Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow!”

At last the ox turned away.

“He cannot eat the hay, and he will not let me eat it,” he said to himself. “I hope there are not many dogs like that.”



## THE BEE AND THE FLOWER

The bee buzzed up in the heat.

“I am faint for your honey, my sweet.”

The flower said “Take it, my dear,  
For now is the spring of the year.

So come, come!”

“Hum!”

And the bee buzzed down from the heat.

And the bee buzzed up in the cold  
When the flower was withered and old.

“Have you still any honey, my dear?”

She said “It’s the fall of the year,

But come, come!”

“Hum!”



And the bee buzzed off in the cold.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

## THE FOX AND THE COLT

Once upon a time, a fox made some honey cakes. He took them to some turkey girls and said, —

“Will you give me a turkey for my honey cakes?”

“No,” said the turkey girls.

He took them to some shepherds and said, —

“Will you give me a sheep for my honey cakes?”

“No,” said the shepherds.

Then he went to some stable boys and said, —

“Will you give me a colt for my honey cakes?” And the stable boys gave him a fine colt.

Now the fox loved the colt very much. He built a stable for it. And every day he brought



it food and drink. When he came to the stable, he would call in a sweet voice, —

“O colt, pretty little colt,  
Open the door for me!  
Juicy grass and cooling drink  
Bring I here to thee.”

“Little colt,” said the fox one day, “you must open the stable door only when you hear this rhyme. And be sure to listen well. You must not open it for any voice but mine.”

One day a wolf came. He had often heard the fox call to the colt to open the door. He knew the rhyme. So now he called in his deep voice, —

“O colt, pretty little colt,  
Open the door for me!  
Juicy grass and cooling drink  
Bring I here to thee.”

The colt listened, and thought, “That is not the voice of the fox.” So he did not open the door. And the wolf said to himself, “I will hide behind the stable. When the fox comes, I will listen again.”

Pretty soon, along came the fox with grass and water. He called in his sweet voice, —

“O colt, pretty little colt,  
Open the door for me!  
Juicy grass and cooling drink  
Bring I here to thee.”

The colt opened the door. Then he told how some one had been there and had asked



him to open the door. "But," said the colt, "the voice was deep, and I did not open."

"Oho!" said the wolf to himself, behind the stable.

The next day, when the fox was gone, along came the wolf. He made his voice sweet, as he called, —

"O colt, pretty little colt,  
Open the door for me!  
Juicy grass and cooling drink  
Bring I here to thee."

The little colt opened the door quickly. In ran the wolf. Then away he went, pulling the little colt along with him.

By and by the fox came home. He called sweetly, —

"O colt, pretty little colt,  
Open the door for me!  
Juicy grass and cooling drink  
Bring I here to thee."

There was no answer. The little colt was

gone. The fox looked all about. Then he said to himself, "I know where my little colt is."

That day the fox made some honey cakes. He sold them for a fine cheese. With the cheese under his arm, he went to the wolf's house.

When the wolf saw the cheese, his mouth began to water.

"Where did you get that fine cheese, brother?" he asked.

"Oh, in a brook not far away. There's another one there. Come along, if you want it." So the wolf and the fox went off together.

It was night, and the moon was shining. It was big and round in the sky. It looked big and round in the brook, too.

When the wolf and the fox came to the brook, the fox looked at the moon in the water and said, —

"Do you see that big cheese in the water? Now drink up the water. Then you will get the cheese, as I did."

While the wolf was drinking and drinking,  
the fox slipped away to get his colt. He took  
the colt home to its stable and gave it juicy  
grass and cooling drink; and they lived happily  
a long, long time.

And did the wolf ever get the cheese? Well,  
I cannot tell you. He may be drinking the  
brook up still, for all I know.

LOUISE STOUGHTON. *Adapted.*

### ONE, TWO, THREE

One, two, three!  
A bonny boat I see,  
A silver boat, and all afloat  
Upon a rosy sea.

One, two, three!  
This riddle tell to me;  
The moon afloat is the bonny boat,  
The sunset is the sea.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

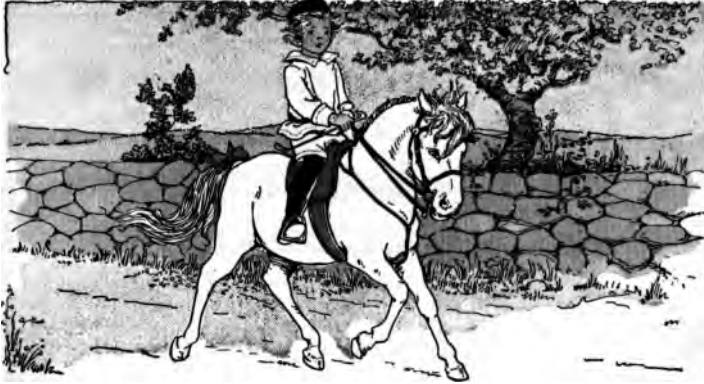


## CRADLE SONG

Ere the moon begins to rise  
Or a star to shine,  
All the bluebells close their eyes —  
So close thine,  
Thine, dear, thine !

Birds are sleeping in the nest  
On the swaying bough,  
Thus, against the mother-breast —  
So sleep thou,  
Sleep, sleep, thou !

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.



## DUMPY, THE PONY

Once a little boy had a very dear pony. He called him Dumpy.

His fairy godmother gave the pony to him. She said, —

“The pony will be good to you,

If when you eat and when you drink,  
You will upon his comfort think;  
For he who for the beasts doth care,  
And with the birds his food will share,  
Will find a blessing everywhere.”

Dumpy liked to trot with the little boy on his back. The pony and the little boy were as

happy as could be. But one day the little boy did not give the pony his breakfast. The pony saw him going away and called, —

“Stay, little boy, stay,  
I’m hungry to-day.”

But the little boy did not hear him. He was running after a yellow butterfly. And the butterfly was saying, “Catch me, if you can! Catch me, if you can!”

In the evening, when the little boy went to give Dumpy his supper, the pony was gone. The little boy could not find him. So he sat down and cried, —

“What can I do? What can I say?  
My pretty pony’s gone away.”

The baby birds who lived in a tree near by waked up. And they called, “Mother dear!”

“Hush, hush!” said the mother bird. “It is only a little boy. He is crying because he lost his pony.”

"Will he never find him again?" asked the baby birds.

"If he will remember what his fairy godmother told him," said the mother bird.



The little boy could not remember.

"But," he said, "in the morning I will go to my fairy godmother's house. She will help me."

So, in the morning, away went the little boy to see his fairy godmother. A butterfly called, "Catch me, if you can!" But the little boy did not run after it.

Then the little boy met a horse limping along the way.

“Who will help me?” asked the horse.

“I will,” said the boy. And he ran to take the shoe from the horse’s foot.

“Bless you!” said the old horse.

“Why do you bless me?” asked the child.

“Oh,” said the horse, —

“He who for the beasts doth care,  
And with the birds his food will share,  
Will find a blessing everywhere.”

“Why, that’s just what my fairy godmother says!” cried the child.

The little boy went on. Soon he came to a well by the road. By the well stood a cow.

“I want water. Who will help me?” cried the cow.

“I will,” said the boy. So he let down the bucket and gave her water to drink.

“Bless you!” said the cow.

“Why do you bless me?” asked the child.

“Oh,” said the cow, —



"He who for the beasts doth care,  
And with the birds his food will share,  
Will find a blessing everywhere."

Then the cow walked off.

By and by the little boy sat down to eat some cake. While he was eating, a hen came up.

"I am hungry. Who will help me?" asked the hen.

"I will," answered the little boy. And he gave the hen some crumbs of cake.

"Bless you!" said the hungry hen.

"Why do you bless me?" asked the child.

"Oh," said the hen, —

"He who for the beasts doth care,  
And with the birds his food will share,  
Will find a blessing everywhere."

Then away she went.

At last, the little boy came to his fairy godmother's house.



“Come in,” said the fairy godmother.

The little boy went in. And there were the horse, the cow, and the hen, that he had seen on the way.

The little boy asked his fairy godmother to help him find Dumpy, the pony. She turned to the horse, the cow, and the hen.

“What do you say?” she asked.

“He helped me,” answered the horse.

“He gave me drink,” said the cow.

"He gave me food," cried the hen.

Then the fairy godmother opened the back door. And the little boy looked out and saw — Dumpy, the pony!

Dumpy was glad to see the little boy. And you may be sure that the little boy was as glad to see Dumpy.

They went home together. And, after that, the little boy always remembered what his fairy godmother had said : —

"He who for the beasts doth care,  
And with the birds his food will share,  
Will find a blessing everywhere."

MAUD LINDSAY. *Adapted.*



THE COCK, THE MOUSE, AND THE  
LITTLE RED HEN

I

Once upon a time there was a hill ; and on the hill there was a little red house.

It was a pretty little house. It had one little green door and four little windows. And in it there lived a cock, a mouse, and a little red hen.

On another hill, not far away, there was another house. It was not a pretty house. And in the house that was not pretty, there lived a bad fox and four bad little foxes.

One morning the four bad little foxes went to the bad big fox and said, —

“ O father, we are very hungry ! ”

“ We had nothing to eat yesterday,” said one.

“ And very little the day before,” said another.

48 COCK, MOUSE, AND LITTLE RED HEN

“And only a very little chicken the day before that,” said a third.

“And only two little ducks the day before that,” said the fourth.

The big bad fox sat still for a long time. At last he said, —

“On the hill over there, I see a house. And in that house there lives a cock.”

“And a mouse,” said two of the little foxes.

“And a little red hen,” said the other two.

“And they are fat,” went on the big fox. “This very day I will take my great sack, and I will go up that hill and into that door. And into my sack I will put the cock and the mouse and the little red hen.”

“We’ll make a great fire to cook the cock,” said one little fox.

“And the mouse,” said the second.

“And the little red hen,” said the third.

“And I’ll eat most when they are all cooked,” said the fourth.

So the four little foxes went dancing about.  
And the big bad fox went to get his sack ready.



II

But, all this time, what was happening to  
the cock and the mouse and the little red hen?

Well, it was a bad day for the cock and the  
mouse. They were cross as cross could be.

The cock said the day was too hot. The  
mouse said it was too cold. The cock said  
“Hot!” and the mouse said “Cold!” “Hot!”  
“Cold!” “Hot!” “Cold!” they kept saying.

The little red hen was happy as could be.

“Who will get some sticks to  
make a fire?” she asked.

“Not I,” said the cock.

“Not I,” said the mouse.



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"Then I'll do it myself," said the little red hen. So off she ran to get the sticks.

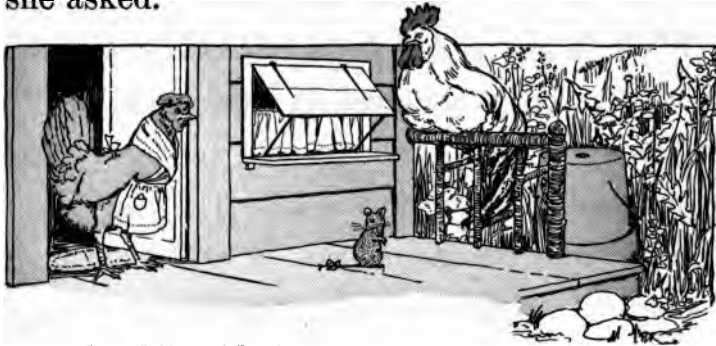
"And now who will bring water from the spring?" she asked.

"Not I," said the cock.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Then I'll bring it myself," said the little red hen. And off she ran.

"And now who will get the breakfast ready?" she asked.



"Not I," said the cock.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"I'll do it myself," said the little red hen.

All through breakfast, the cock kept saying the day was too hot. The mouse kept saying

it was too cold. And the little red hen said it was just right.

"Who will make the beds?" asked the little red hen after breakfast.

"Not I," said the cock.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the little red hen. And up the stairs went little red hen to make the beds.

The cock and the mouse sat down by the fire, and were soon asleep.

Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat, the fox knocked at the door.

"Who can that be?" said the mouse, opening his eyes.

"Go see," said the cock, opening his.

"It may be the postman," said the mouse, going to the door.

He opened it, and in jumped the big fox. And very quickly he picked up the mouse, and picked up the cock, and popped them into his sack.



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Little red hen came running down stairs to see what the matter was. The fox popped her into the sack, too. Then he tied the sack and put it on his back ; and off he went, down the hill.

“ Oh, I wish I had not been so cross ! ” said the cock.

“ And I wish I had not been ! ” said the mouse.

“ Let us not be sad, ” said the little red hen. “ I have with me scissors, needle, and thread. By and by you will see what I am going to do. ”

### III

Now the sun was very hot, and soon Mr. Fox grew tired. At last he lay down under a tree and went to sleep.

Snore, snore, snore, went the fox. The little red hen heard this. Then snip, snip, snip, went her scissors.

“Now, little mouse,” she whispered, “you can get through the hole. Quick! Run and bring a stone just as large as yourself.”



Soon the mouse came back with the stone and pushed it into the sack.

Snip, snip, snip, went little red hen's scissors again.

“Now, cock,” she whispered, “you can get through the hole. Quick! Run and bring a stone just as large as yourself.”

Soon the cock came back with the stone and pushed it into the sack.

Then the little red hen popped out and ran for a stone as big as herself. She pushed it into the sack. Then stitch, stitch, stitch, went

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her needle ; and soon there was no hole to be seen.

Away ran the cock, the mouse, and the little red hen — away, away ! When they came to their own little home, they ran in and shut the door in a hurry.

After a long time the fox opened his eyes.

“Dear, dear !” he said. “It is growing dark. I must hurry home.”

The sack was so heavy that the fox had to stop every little while to rest. By and by he came to a brook, which he had to cross. Now the sack was so heavy that the fox could not walk well. And in the middle of the brook he slipped and tumbled into the water — ker-splash !

Down slipped the sack into the deep water ; and the fox could n’t get it out, try as he would. At last he went home.

The four bad little foxes were sitting by the fire, ready to cook the cock, the mouse, and the

little red hen. When they heard the big fox coming, up they jumped. They were all ready to open the sack.



In came the big fox, cold and tired and cross. He made all the little foxes go to bed in a hurry. He needed the fire to warm himself, he said.

In the pretty little house on the hill, the cock and the mouse made the little red hen sit by the fire to rest. Then they cooked the supper.

The cock, the mouse, and the little red hen lived together very happily for a long time. And for all I know they still may live in their little red house on the hill.

## BOOTS AND HIS BROTHERS

## I

Once there were three brothers, Peter, Paul, and Jack. Jack waited on his brothers, and they called him Boots.

Not far from their father's home was the King's palace.

Now you must know that by the King's windows a great oak had grown up. It was so thick that no light could shine through it.

The King said that the oak must come down. But no one could bring it down; for, as soon as one chip dropped, two grew in its place.

Now I must tell you that there was no well in the palace grounds. No one could dig a well there, because the palace stood on a hill of rock.

The King wished very much to have a well. So he said that if anyone could be

found who would bring down the oak and dig the well, he should have half the kingdom.

Many tried. But, as they swung their axes, the oak grew and grew; and, for all their digging, the rock could not be broken.

The three brothers said, "We should like to go to the palace."

Their father said, "Yes, go!"

So off they went—Peter, Paul, and little Boots.



## II

They had not gone far when they came to a thick woods. The woods stretched up a steep hill; and, away up among the trees, they could hear something chopping, chopping, chopping.

"I wonder what that is, chopping away up on the hill," said Boots.

"What should it be," said Peter, "but a woodman up there, chopping down a tree?"

"Still, I should like to see what it is," said Boots; and up he went.

As he climbed the hill, the chopping grew louder and louder. And, at the top of the hill, what do you think he saw? Why, an ax that stood there all alone, chopping and chopping the trunk of a tree.

"Good day," said Jack. "So you stand here and chop, do you?"

"Yes, here I've stood and chopped a long time, waiting for you," said the ax.

"Well, here I am at last," said Jack; and he pulled the ax out of the tree. Then he put it into his sack and went down the hill.

When his brothers saw him coming down through the woods, they laughed and called out, —

"Well, what did you see up yonder?"

"Oh, it was only an ax," said Boots; and the three went on together.

By and by they came to a high rock. And, away up on the rock, they could hear something digging, digging, digging.

"I wonder, now," said Boots, "what that is digging away up there."

"What should it be," said Paul, "but a woodpecker?"

"Well," said Boots, "I think I will go see"; and off he went.

As he climbed the rock, the digging grew louder and louder. And, when he came to the top, what do you think he saw? Why, a spade



that stood there all alone, digging and digging.

“Good day,” said Boots. “So you stand here all day and dig and dig?”



“Yes, that’s what I do,” said the spade; “and that’s what I’ve done many a long day, waiting for you.”

“Well, here I am,” said Boots; and he pulled the spade out of the rock

and put it into his sack.

“Well,” said his brothers, as he came climbing down to the road again, “what did you see this time?”

“Oh,” said Boots, “it was only a spade we heard”; and the three went on together.

By and by they came to a brook.

“I wonder,” said Boots, “where the water in this brook comes from.”

“We wonder,” said his brothers, “if you are right in your head. Where the brook comes from! Have you never heard that water comes from springs in the ground?”

Oh, yes, Boots had heard that. Still, he would like to see for himself where this brook came from.

So, along the brook he went, mile after mile. The brook was growing smaller and smaller; and, at last, what do you think he saw? Why, a great walnut; and out of that the water trickled.

“Good day,” said Boots. “So here you are, making the water trickle and run!”

“Yes, here I am,” said the walnut; “and here I have been this many a day, waiting for you.”

“Well, here I am,” said Boots. Then he took moss and stopped up the hole in the walnut, and put the nut into his sack. And then he went back to his brothers.

“Well, now!” said they. “Have you found

where the water comes from? How fine it must have been ! ”

“ Oh, after all, it was only a small hole it ran out of,” said Boots.

Then the others laughed at him, but Boots did not care.

### III

Before long, the three brothers came to the King's palace.

So many people had tried to bring down the oak that by this time it was very, very big. And the King said that now all who tried and failed should be sent out of the kingdom. Then came the three brothers.

Peter tried first. But for every chip he cut off, two grew in its place. So out of the kingdom he had to go !

Paul tried. But he did no better.

Then Boots tried. By this time everybody was saying, “ Oh, you will be sent out of the

kingdom!" But Boots took his ax out of his sack.

"Chop!" he whispered to the ax; and he let it fall into the trunk of the oak.



Chop, chop, chop! went the ax. And chip, chip, chip! flew the wood. At last, down came the oak.

Boots now took his spade.

"Dig!" he whispered to the spade, as he pushed it into the ground.

And there the spade stood, digging, digging, digging. Earth flew, and rock flew; and soon there was a deep well.

Then Boots took out his walnut. He pulled out the moss and dropped the walnut into the well.

“Trickle and run!” said Boots. And the water trickled and ran, and soon the well was full.

Boots had now done all that the King wished. He had brought down the oak, he had dug a well in the rock, and the well was full of water. So half of the kingdom was his.

Then Boots sent for his brothers, and for all the others who had tried and failed. And they all lived with him in his half of the kingdom.

“Well,” said Peter and Paul, “Boots was right in his head after all!”

THE GOLDEN BUCKET

PLACE : The woods.

TIME : One summer day.

JOHN

HIS MOTHER

THE OLD MAN

[JOHN *has been picking berries. His bucket is full, and he is starting home. An OLD MAN comes with a bucket.*]

OLD MAN. Have you found any berries, my boy?

JOHN. My bucket is full. See!

OLD MAN. You have been lucky. Look into my bucket.

JOHN. Why, it is empty!

OLD MAN. I have not seen a berry to-day!

JOHN. I will show you where to find some. Come with me.

OLD MAN. I can walk no farther. I am very tired.

JOHN. You shall have my berries, sir.



OLD MAN. Do you not sell your berries?

JOHN. Yes, but I can find more. Here, sir, take them.

OLD MAN. I thank you, my boy. You are very kind. Now I will take your bucket. You may have mine.

*[They exchange buckets.]*

JOHN. But your bucket is new, sir.

OLD MAN. That does not matter. Now I must rest for a little while.

*[He sits under a tree and seems to sleep. John hunts for berries. Soon his MOTHER comes.]*

MOTHER. John, John, why are you so long? Where are your berries?

JOHN. I gave them away — to that old man there.

MOTHER. I am sorry you did that. I wanted to sell your berries to-day. I wanted the money to buy your school books.

JOHN. The poor old man could not find a berry, mother.

MOTHER. Then I am glad you gave him yours.

JOHN. He gave me his bucket. Look — it is new!

MOTHER. John! John! The bucket is gold!

JOHN. Gold! I will wake him and give it back!

MOTHER. Yes, wake him and give it back!

*[The OLD MAN stands. His long cloak falls, and a beautiful fairy is seen.]*



MOTHER *and* JOHN. A fairy! A fairy!

FAIRY. The golden bucket is yours, my boy. It will bring you books and clothes and food. It will always give you what you need, for it is a fairy bucket. And now, good-bye! Good-bye!

[*The Fairy goes.*]

MOTHER. Oh, my boy, my boy, see what your kind heart has done for you! A golden bucket! A golden fairy bucket!

AUGUSTA STEVENSON.

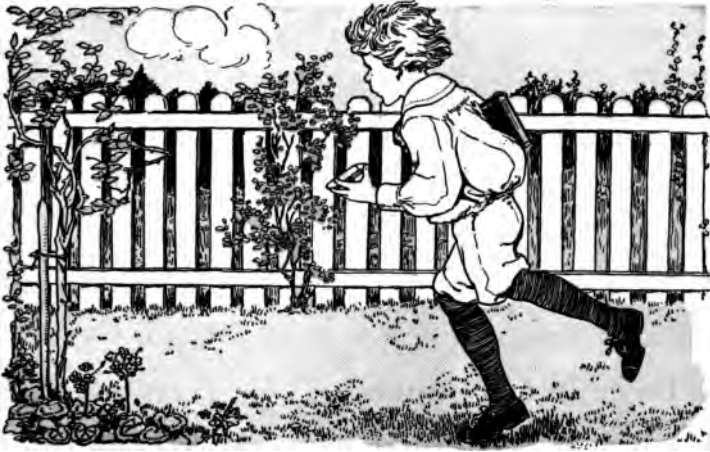
## THEY WERE!

A highly respectable cat  
In the midst of her family sat;  
And she said to them all,  
"Even while you are small,  
Don't ever be scared by a rat."  
But they were!



S. B. RICHARD.





## FIDDLE-DIDDLE-DEE

## I

Little Davie ran through the garden. He had bread and butter in one hand and a book in the other.

Davie was going to his study. It was under a great oak tree near the woods. Davie sat down and opened his book.

“But first,” he said, “I will eat my bread and butter.” So he let his book fall and ate his bread and butter. Then he began to sing a little song. It was one his mother often

sang when she put the baby to sleep. This is the way the song began:—

“I bought a bird, and my bird pleased me;  
I tied my bird behind a tree,  
Bird sang —”

“Fiddle-diddle-dee,” sang something behind the oak tree.

Davie looked frightened, for that was just what he was about to sing. He jumped up and ran around the oak tree. And there was a little brown wren, and it had a little gold thread around its neck. And the thread was tied to the root of the big oak tree.

“Hello!” said Davie. “Was that you?”

Now Davie did not think that the bird would answer him. But the bird turned her head and, looking up at Davie, said, —

“Yes, of course it was! Who else did you think it could be?”

“Oh, yes!” said Davie. “Oh, yes, yes! But I thought you did it only in the song.”

“ Well,” said the wren, “ were you not singing the song, and am I not in the song? What else could I do? ”

“ Yes, I suppose so,” said Davie.

“ Well, go on with the song, then,” said the wren.

Davie did not know what to think. But he thought he must do as he was told. So he began to sing, —

“ I bought a hen, and my hen pleased me ;  
I tied my hen behind a tree.  
Hen said — ”

“ Shinny-shack ! Shinny-shack ! ” said another voice.



It was so loud that Davie jumped. He looked around the oak tree. There was a little

white hen, and around her neck was a golden string, and this string was tied to the wren's leg.

"I suppose that was you," said Davie.

"Yes, indeed," said the hen. "I know when my turn comes in a song. But it was not kind of you to call me away from my chicks."

"I!" cried Davie. "I did not call you."

"Oh, indeed!" said the hen. "It was not you, then, who was singing, 'Tied my hen,' just now. Oh, no! Not you!"

"I'm sorry," said Davie.

"Well, then, go on with the song," said the hen.

## II

Davie did not know what to think of it all. He went back and sat down and sang again, —

"I had a guinea, and my guinea pleased me;  
I tied my guinea behind a tree. —"

But here he stopped with his mouth wi

open. For out of the woods came a little red man, in a suit of green. He was about a foot tall. He had a fat guinea hen on the end of



a long yellow string. When he came to the white hen, he tied the guinea to her leg. Then he went back into the woods.

Davie looked and looked. Pretty soon the guinea hen called to him, —

“ Well, why don’t you go on with the song? Do you think I can wait all day for my turn to come?”

Davie began to sing, —

“ Guinea said — ”

“ Pot-rack! Pot-rack!” said the guinea hen. Davie jumped up. He was almost fright-

ened now. But in a minute he sat down and said, —

“I ’m not afraid. I’ll see what the end of this song will be.” So he began to sing, —

“I bought a duck, and my duck pleased me ;  
I tied my duck behind a tree.  
Duck said — ”

“ Quack, quack ! ” came from behind the oak.  
But Davie went on, —

“I bought a dog, and my dog pleased me ;  
I tied my dog behind a tree.  
Dog said — ”

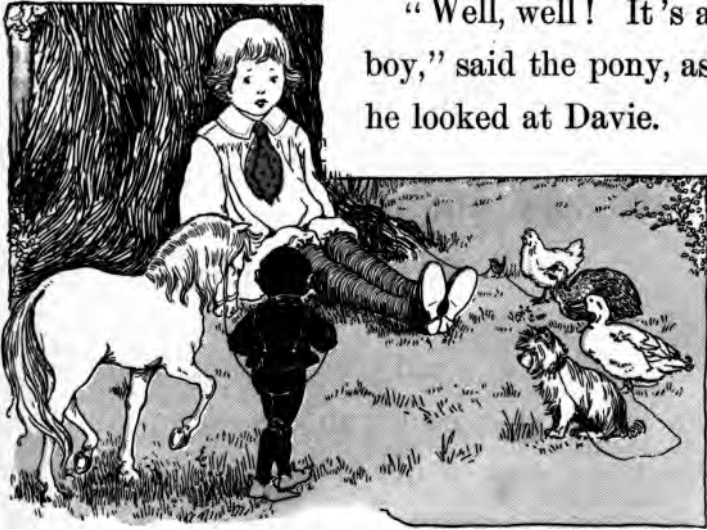
“ Bow-wow ! Bow-wow ! ” came from behind the oak.

Davie walked around the oak, and there stood a duck tied to the guinea’s leg. And to the duck’s leg was tied a small yellow dog.

They all looked up at Davie. He was not afraid now. So he sat down by the tree and went on with his song : —

“I bought a horse, and my horse pleased me ;  
I tied my horse behind a tree. — ”

Davie stopped, for — What do you think ?  
There came the little old man again. This  
time he was leading a white pony, no bigger  
than Davie’s big dog. The man tied the pony  
to the dog’s leg and went away.



“ Well, well ! It’s a  
boy,” said the pony, as  
he looked at Davie.

“ I thought so. I thought it must be.”

“ Who are you, and where did you all come  
from ? ” asked Davie.



“Why,” said the pony, “we live with the Queen of the Fairies. But when our voices are wanted in the song, we have to come.”

“I’m sure I’m very sorry,” said Davie. “I did not know that the song would trouble you so. But why have I not seen you all before?”

“Oh,” said the pony, “you never sang the song down here before.” And then he said, “Don’t you think, now that we are all here, you’d better sing the song right end first and be done with it?”

“Oh, yes!” said Davie. “Yes!” and he began to sing.

I wish you could have heard that song!  
As Davie sang, each animal took up his part.  
Each one sang in his own way, when it came  
his turn in the song:—

“I had a horse, and my horse pleased me;  
I tied my horse behind a tree.  
Horse said, ‘Neigh, neigh! Neigh, neigh!’

"I had a dog, and my dog pleased me;  
I tied my dog behind a tree.  
Dog said, 'Bow-wow! Bow-wow!'

"I had a duck, and my duck pleased me;  
I tied my duck behind a tree.  
Duck said, 'Quack, quack! Quack, quack!'

"I had a guinea, and my guinea pleased me;  
I tied my guinea behind a tree.  
Guinea said, 'Pot-rack! Pot-rack!'

"I had a hen, and my hen pleased me;  
I tied my hen behind a tree.  
Hen said, 'Shinny-shack! Shinny-shack!'

"I had a bird, and my bird pleased me;  
I tied my bird behind a tree.  
Bird said, 'Fiddle-diddle-dee! Fiddle-diddle-dee!'

"I had some friends, and my friends pleased me;  
I tied my friends behind a tree.  
Horse said, 'Neigh, neigh! Neigh, neigh!'  
Dog said, 'Bow-wow! Bow-wow!'

"Duck said, 'Quack, quack! Quack, quack!'

Guinea said, 'Pot-rack! Pot-rack!'

Hen said, 'Shinny-shack! Shinny-shack!'

Bird said, 'Fiddle-diddle-dee! Fiddle-diddle-dee!'"

Davie was very happy. He wanted to sing it all over again. But just then he was sure he heard his mother call.

"Wait a minute!" he said. "Wait a minute! I'm coming back!"

"Oh, it's just like a fairy story," he said to himself, as he ran toward the house. "I wonder what mother will think!"

But his mother said she had not called him. So Davie ran back as fast as ever he could.

But they were all gone! His book lay on the ground, open. But there was no white pony, nor any of the other singers.

"Well," said Davie, "I guess I won't sing it again; I troubled them so. But I wish they had stayed a little longer."

MARY MAPES DODGE. *Adapted.*



## THE STORY OF THE PIGS

## I

Once there were an old mother pig and her four little ones. There were Little Pig and Big Pig and Speckle; there was little Blunt.

The time came for the little pigs to go out into the world. Mother Pig called them to her and said, —

“Never have anything to do with Brother Wolf. He is not a good friend for little pigs.”

Big Pig said he was not afraid. Little Pig said he was not afraid. Speckle said he was big, and why should he be afraid? Little Blunt said nothing at all.

Soon each little pig went out into the world. And each little pig made a house for himself.

One morning, bright and early, Brother Wolf came to Big Pig's house. He knocked at the door softly — blim-blim-blim !

No answer. So he knocked louder — blam-blam-blam !

This waked Big Pig.



“Who is there ? ” he called.

“Oh, just a friend,” answered Brother Wolf.

“If you ’ll open the door and let me in,  
I ’ll warm my hands and go home again.”

“It sounds to me very much like Brother Wolf’s voice,” thought Big Pig. Then he called out, —

“Mother told us to have nothing to do with Brother Wolf.”

“Your mother did?” answered Brother Wolf. “Well, well! And here I’ve brought you a nice sack of corn! Well, I can take it home again.”

Corn! That sounded very good to Big Pig. It made his mouth water.

“I know that if your mother were here,” said Brother Wolf, “she would be glad to have the corn. And she would ask me in to warm my hands, too.”

Big Pig thought, “It’s very kind of Brother Wolf to bring the corn. I think I will let him in.”

So he opened the door. And — Well, well! That was the last of Big Pig!

Then Brother Wolf went to call on Little Pig. He knocked and knocked, and sang his song, and told his story; and Little Pig let him in. And that was the last of Little Pig!

Then Brother Wolf went to call on Speckle.  
He rap-rap-rapped on the door and sang, —

“If you ’ll open the door and let me in,  
I ’ll warm my hands and go home again.”

But Speckle would not open the door.  
Then Brother Wolf talked very softly. And  
by and by he pushed his nose into the crack.

Then he asked Speckle Pig just to let him  
put one paw in to get warm. And Speckle



Pig did. Then he asked to put  
the other paw in. And Speckle  
Pig let that paw in. And then  
Brother Wolf asked to have his  
head in ; his ears were so cold !

Then, you know, when his  
head was in and his paws were  
in, all he had to do was to push  
and push and push, and he was all in. And,  
would you believe it ! No one ever heard of  
Speckle Pig again.

## II

“So now,” thought Brother Wolf to himself, “there is just one pig left, and I’ll call on him.”

But that is where Brother Wolf made a mistake. You remember that Blunt did not say that he was not afraid of Brother Wolf.

Well, Brother Wolf went softly up to Blunt’s house, and sat under the window. And he sang out, —

“If you’ll open the door and let me in,  
I’ll warm my hands and go home again.”

But no! Blunt would not open the door. So Brother Wolf went away.

By and by, back he came and knocked at the door — blim-blim-blim!

Blunt was sitting by the fire, rocking.

“Who is there?” he called.

“It’s Speckle,” answered old Brother Wolf.

“I’ve brought you some nice red apples.”

Little Blunt laughed and said, —



"Oh, no, no! Speckle never talked in that voice!"

So Brother Wolf went off again. But pretty soon, back he came and knocked — blam-blam-blam!

Blunt sat still by the fire.

"Who is there?" he called.

"It's Big Pig," answered Brother Wolf.  
"I've brought you some nice sweet corn."

But Blunt peeped under the door and said, —

"Oh, no, no! Big Pig has no hair on his hoofs!"

Then Brother Wolf was very, very angry.

"Let me in," he called, "or I'll come down the chimney!"

Blunt laughed.

"That's the only way you'll ever get in," he called back.

When Blunt heard Mr. Wolf climbing up to the roof, my! he was frightened! He ran for some sticks and leaves, and piled them up

beside the fireplace. And when he heard Brother Wolf in the chimney, he put the sticks and leaves into the fire.

My! but they made a smoke! And I tell you, Brother Wolf went out of that chimney much faster than he went into it!

When he was out, off he ran to the woods. And after that he let little Blunt alone.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. *Adapted.*

## THE FOOLISH TORTOISE

A tortoise once lived near a pond where some ducks had their summer home.

When fall came, the ducks talked about going south for the winter.

"Take me with you," said the tortoise.

"We should like to take you," said the ducks; "but how can we, when you cannot fly?"

"Oh, do take me!" said the tortoise. "Win-

ter is coming; and it will be very, very cold here."

"We will see what we can do," said the ducks.

The ducks talked together for some time. Then they went to the tortoise.

"We think we can take you," they said; "but you must help us."

"I will do anything!" said the tortoise, — "anything!"

"Then take this stick in your mouth, and two of us will take the ends. If you can remember not to open your mouth, all will be well."

The tortoise said that he would remember. Oh, yes, he would!

Up in the air rose two of the ducks with the tortoise. High, high over the trees they flew. The tortoise was about to say, "How high we are!" when he remembered that he must not open his mouth.



Then the ducks flew over a steeple. The tortoise was about to say, "What is it that shines like silver?" But, again, just in time, he remembered that he must not open his mouth.

By and by they flew over a town; and the people called, —

"Look! Look! A tortoise having a ride!"

This time the tortoise did not remember;  
and he cried, —

“Keep still, you foolish people !”

Then down he went, down, down, down !  
And he never saw the sunny South.

*A Bidpai Fable.*

MAUD BARROWS DUTTON. *Adapted.*

## THE FIR TREE

The winds have blown more bitter  
Each darkening day of fall ;  
High over all the house-tops  
The stars are far and small.  
I wonder, will my fir tree  
Be green in spite of all ?

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.



## WHY THE EVERGREEN TREES KEEP THEIR LEAVES

### I

Winter was coming. The leaves were falling, one by one. The birds had gone to the warm, sunny South.

But there was one little bird still in the North. He had broken his wing. He could not fly far. He could flutter only a little way.

He watched the birds fly to the South. He watched and watched till they were gone. The little bird was alone. Poor little bird!

But the little bird was brave.

"I will ask a tree to help me," he said.

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"If some tree will keep its leaves all winter, I can keep warm till spring. Then the sun will shine brightly, the flowers will grow, and the birds will come again."

So the little bird hopped along till he came to a beautiful lady birch tree. And he sang to the lady birch tree, —

"I'm a sad little bird with a broken wing,  
So sad, so sad, it is hard to sing;  
Will you keep your leaves to shelter me  
Till the springtime comes, dear lady tree?"

The birch rustled all her little silver-green leaves. She made a little singing sound. It was a beautiful little sound, but it made the sad little bird more sad than ever.

No, the lady birch could not keep her leaves. She must think about her little leaf buds. She could not take care of little birds with broken wings.

"But," said the little bird, "some tree will help me."

He hopped along till he came to a great oak. The roots of the oak were deep, the trunk was thick, the branches spread wide.

“What a great, strong tree!” thought the little bird. And he sang to the great oak, —

“I’m a sad little bird with a broken wing,  
So sad, so sad, it is hard to sing;  
Will you keep your leaves to shelter me  
Till the springtime comes, O great king tree?”

The oak rustled its leaves, and the song it sang was loud and free. But it did not seem a glad song to the little bird.

The oak would keep its leaves longer than most trees to shelter little birds. But it could not keep them all winter. Oh, no! It must rest in the winter. It must get ready to make new leaves, when spring should come again.

The little bird turned away, and hopped and hopped till he came to a brook.

By the brook was a beautiful willow. Her green leaves were turning to gold. The wil-



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low made a picture of herself in the brook. The little bird thought her the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

“If the willow would only shelter me,” thought the little bird, “I could look down at her picture in the water. And I could drink from the pretty brook.” And the little bird sang just as sweetly as he could sing, —

“I ’m a sad little bird with a broken wing,  
So sad, so sad, it is hard to sing;  
Will you keep your leaves to shelter me  
Till the springtime comes, dear willow tree?”

The willow swayed her branches gently. The picture in the water swayed gently, too. The willow was sorry for the little bird; but she could not shelter a little bird. She must rest in the winter. Her leaves were turning now. As soon as they were all yellow, she would drop them into the brook.

Poor little bird! What could he do? He would try once more.



II

Not far away, on a little hill, grew a spruce tree. The little bird hopped and rested, and fluttered and rested, and hopped again, till he came to the spruce tree. He was just about to sing to the spruce, when the tree said, —

“You poor little bird, what is the trouble? Why are you here?”

“I have broken my wing,” answered the little bird. “I have been asking the trees to help me. But no one will shelter me.”

“You may live in my branches,” said the spruce. “Fly right up.”

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"And may I live with you all winter?" asked the bird.

"Indeed you may," said the spruce. "I shall be very glad to have you."

A pine tree stood beside the spruce.

"I am big and strong," he said. "I will help keep the wind off the little bird."

"I will give him berries to eat," said a juniper tree.

By and by the Frost King came. North Wind came with him.

North Wind found some leaves on the silver birch. He blew, till the leaves went fluttering down. He found some brown leaves on the oak. He blew, till he had spread them all on the ground beneath. He found some gold leaves on the willow. He blew them into the brook, and they sailed away like little gold ships.

"Now for the trees on the hill!" said North Wind.

“Let us be good to the trees that took care of the little bird,” said the Frost King. “They keep their leaves to shelter him. They are to be ever green—green not in summer only, but in winter too.”

So the Frost King and North Wind were good to the spruce, the pine, and the juniper. These trees kept their leaves green all the winter, and they have kept their leaves green through every winter ever since.

*An Old Tale.*

## THE BROWN THRUSH

There 's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the  
tree,

He 's singing to me! He 's singing to me!  
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?

“Oh, the world 's running over with joy!

Don't you hear? don't you see?

Hush! Look! In my tree,

I 'm as happy as happy can be!”

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest  
do you see,

And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper tree?  
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,  
Or the world will lose some of its joy!

Now I'm glad! now I'm free!  
And I always shall be,  
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the  
tree,

To you and to me, to you and to me;  
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,  
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!  
But long it won't be,

Don't you know? don't you see?  
Unless we are as good as can be!"

LUCY LARCOM.



## THE THREE BILLY-GOATS GRUFF

Once upon a time, there were three Billy-goats ; and the name of all three was Gruff. But one was little, and one was big, and one was just middle-sized.

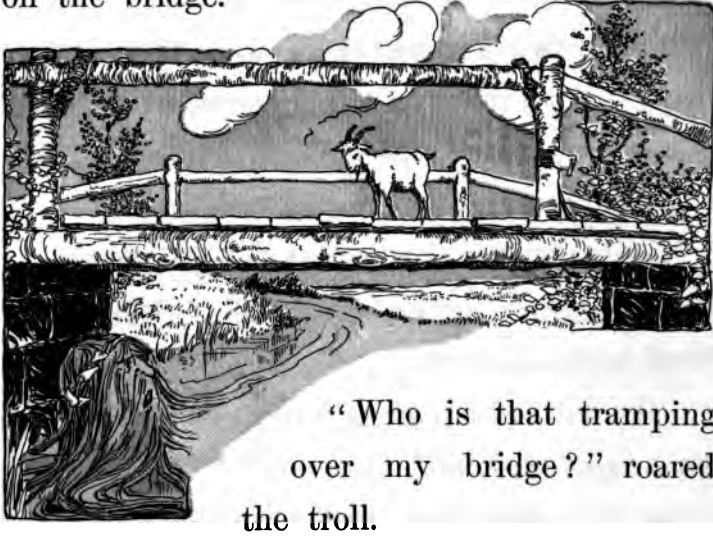
Not far away was a hill, where the grass was green and juicy. So the three Billy-goats Gruff said, —

“ We will go up there on the hill and eat the green grass and grow fat.”

On the way, they had to cross a bridge. Now it happened that under this bridge lived a great, fierce troll. He thought that the bridge was his, and he never liked to have anyone cross it.

But the three Billy-goats said they would cross that bridge! They said they would climb that hill, where the grass was green and juicy.

First of all came little Billy-goat Gruff. Trip-trap! trip-trap! sounded his little hoofs on the bridge.



“It is I, the little Billy-goat Gruff. I am going up on the hill to make myself fat,” answered the little Billy-goat in his little voice.

“Well, I’m coming up there to gobble you up,” roared the troll.

“Oh, no, don’t take me!” called the little Billy-goat; “I’m so very little. Just wait

till the next Billy-goat comes along. He is much bigger than I am."

"Very well; be off with you then!" said the troll.

So trip-trap! trip-trap! trotted the little Billy-goat off the bridge and up the hill.

It was not many minutes before along came the middle-sized Billy-goat Gruff. Trip-trap! trip-trap! trip-trap! sounded his hoofs on the bridge.

"Who is that tramping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"It is I, the middle-sized Billy-goat Gruff. I'm going up on the hill to make myself fat," answered the Billy-goat in his middle-sized voice.

"Well, I'm coming up there to gobble you up," roared the troll.

"Oh, no, don't take me!" called the Billy-goat. "Just wait; my brother will soon be along. He is very much bigger than I am."



“Very well; be off with you, then,” said the troll.

So trip-trap! trip-trap! trip-trap! trotted the middle-sized Billy-goat off the bridge and up the hill.

Just then, along came the big Billy-goat Gruff. Trip-trap! trip-trap! trip-trap! sounded his hoofs on the bridge. This Billy-goat was very big and heavy; and he made a great noise, as he walked over the bridge.

“Who is that tramping over my bridge?” roared the troll.

“It is I, the big Billy-goat Gruff,” answered the big Billy-goat in his big, deep voice.

“Well, I ’m coming up there to gobble you up,” roared the troll.

“Very well, come along!” said the big Billy-goat.

So up came the troll and put his head over the side of the bridge. And on came big Billy-goat Gruff, running, with his head down.

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Bump! went big Billy-goat Gruff.

Thump! went the troll, as he tumbled into the water.

Down, down, down he went; and what became of him, no one knows. But trip-trap! trip-trap! trotted the big Billy-Goat over the bridge and up the hill.

And, as far as I know, the three Billy-goats Gruff are still up there on the hill. And I think they must be pretty fat by this time, don't you?

*An Old Norse Tale.*

## THE LITTLE STEAM ENGINE

A little steam engine had a long train of cars to pull.

She went along very well till she came to a steep hill. But then, no matter how hard she tried, she could not move the long train of cars.

She pulled, and she pulled. She puffed, and she puffed. She backed and started off again. Choo! Choo! Choo! Choo!—

But no! the cars would not go up the hill.

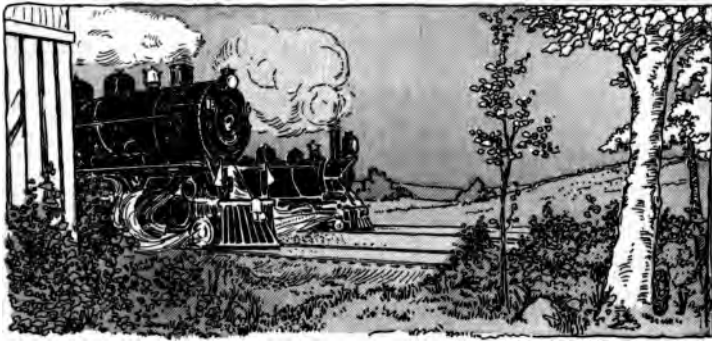
At last she left the train and started up the track alone. Do you think she had stopped working? No, indeed! She was going for help.

“Surely I can find some one to help me,” she thought.

Over the hill and up the track went the

little steam engine. Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo! —

Pretty soon she saw a big steam engine standing on a side track. He looked very



big and strong. Running alongside, she looked up and said, —

“Will you help me over the hill with my train of cars? It is so long and so heavy that I can’t get it over.”

The big steam engine looked down at the little steam engine. Then he said, —

“Don’t you see that I am through my day’s work? I have been all rubbed and scoured

ready for my next run. No, I cannot help you."

The little steam engine was sorry, but she went on. Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo! —

Soon she came to a second big steam engine standing on a side track. He was puffing and puffing, as if he were tired.

"He may help me," thought the little steam engine. She ran alongside and asked, —

"Will you help me bring my train of cars over the hill? It is so long and so heavy that I can't get it over."

The second big steam engine answered, —

"I have just come in from a long, long run. Don't you see how tired I am? Can't you get some other engine to help you this time?"

"I'll try," said the little steam engine; and off she went. Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo! —

After a while she came to a little steam en-

gine just like herself. She ran alongside and said, —

“Will you help me over the hill with my train of cars? It is so long and so heavy that I can’t get it over.”

“Yes, indeed!” said the second little steam engine. “I’ll be glad to help you, if I can.”

So the little steam engines started back to where the train of cars had been standing all this time. One little steam engine went to the head of the train, and the other to the end of it.

Puff, puff! Chug, chug! Choo, choo! — Off they started!

Slowly the cars began to move. Slowly they climbed the steep hill. As they climbed, each little steam engine began to sing, —

“I—think—I—can! I—think—I—can! I—think—I—can! I—think—I—can! I—think—I—can! I—think—I—can! I think I can — I think I can — I think I can I think I’ can —”

And they did! Very soon, they were over the hill and going down the other side.



Now they were on the plain again; and the little steam engine could pull her train, herself. So she thanked the little engine who had come to help her, and said good-bye.

And as she went merrily on her way, she sang to herself, —

“ I — thought — I — could !      I — thought — I —  
could !    I — thought — I — could !    I — thought —  
I — could !    I thought I could — I thought I  
could — I thought I could — I thought I could  
— I thought I could I thought I could — ”

## JAMES WATT

## I

Puff, puff, puff! Bubble, bubble, bubble,  
bubble! Puff, puff, puff!

Does your kettle sing? Our kettle often  
sings. Sometimes, of an afternoon, it sings  
merrily, —

“Get the gold-rimmed teacups out,  
The sugar and the cream.  
You’d better hurry, hurry, hurry!  
Don’t you see the steam?”

Sometimes I am reading a book or talking  
to a friend and do not listen to the kettle.  
Then, the first thing I know, that kettle is  
singing, —

“Although the water’s ready now,  
You give no thought to me.  
You’d better get the teapot down  
And make a cup of tea —  
Tea, tea, tea, tea, tea!”



And it keeps singing, "Tea, tea, tea," till up  
I get and make a cup.

But here I am telling you all about my kettle. I must stop at once and tell you about another kettle, a kettle with a real story.

## II

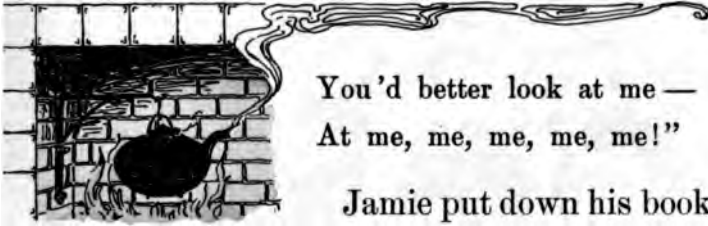
This kettle with a story was a Scotch kettle. It was in the house of a man named Watt, who lived a long time ago in Scotland. It was a black iron kettle, and looked just like any other kettle. And if it had not been for Mr. Watt's little son James, the kettle would never have had a story.

One morning the kettle was hanging over the open fire. Jamie was sitting with a book by the fire. As the flames danced up, the kettle began to sing, —

"I think it must be cozy, lad,

To sit on a settee,

And read a book; but now I think



and looked at the kettle. He watched the steam floating up the big chimney.

The steam kept floating. The kettle kept singing. The water went bubble, bubble. And at last the lid went tippity-tip.

"How strong the steam is when it can lift the lid!" thought Jamie. And the kettle sang, —

"Yes indeed, deed, deed, deed, deed!"

Then the steam gave the lid such a tip that it almost went flying from the kettle. And the kettle sang, as loud as it could sing, —

"Follow the lead, lead, lead, lead, lead!"

And Jamie did follow the lead, as you shall see.



## III

Jamie was not a strong, hearty boy. He could not romp and play as other boys could; and he was ill and away from school so much of the time, that the other boys wondered if he learned anything at all. They did not know that Jamie Watt was one of the busiest boys in Scotland.

Every day Jamie studied with his father and mother. He liked to learn new things, and he liked to find out things for himself. He did this even when he was playing. He

would often take his toys to pieces to find out how they were made, and then put them together again; or else, out of the pieces, he would make new toys to suit himself.

When Jamie's father saw how much he liked to make things, he gave him a set of tools and a place in his workshop, among his own workmen. Here Jamie worked day after day. The things he made were well made, too; for he had learned to draw, and this helped him to shape the parts so that they would fit together well. One of the workmen said, —

“ Jamie has a fortune in his finger-ends.”

What do you think he meant by that? Let us see.

#### IV

When Jamie grew to be a young man, he worked very hard indeed. Sometimes he made tools — and fine tools they were. But, whatever he was doing, he was always trying to

find out how to do something bigger and better. And he never forgot the song of the kettle, and that strong little workman that pushed up the lid.

About this time, another man had found out how strong steam is. This man had made a little engine that he thought could be worked by steam. It was not the kind of engine that pulls a train ; it did not run on wheels.

After this engine was started, it worked only a few minutes and then stopped. Something was the matter, but no one could tell just what the trouble was. Then James Watt took the engine to his workshop.

Watt tried a long time before he found out what the trouble was. Then, at last, he made an engine of his own that *did* work.

And, after that, he made many other kinds of steam engines. One of these was a fire engine. One was an engine for pumping water

out of mines. Some were for use in mills that spun thread and made cloth. Every year Watt was making a new kind of engine that could be worked by steam.

When Watt was quite an old man, some one else showed how a steam engine could be made to run a boat. And after Watt had died, another man showed how a steam engine could be made to pull a train.

And now, all around the world, mills are whirring, whirring; steamboats go — chug, chug; and long trains run — choo, choo. What is making them go? It is that same little fellow that pushed up the kettle lid. How Jamie had made him work !

Now, wasn't there a fortune for all the world in Jamie's finger-ends?





## THE LAMP-LIGHTER

My tea is nearly ready, and the sun has  
left the sky ;  
It's time to take the window to see Leerie  
going by ;  
For every night at tea-time and before you  
take your seat,  
With lantern and with ladder he comes post-  
ing up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go  
to sea,  
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he  
can be ;  
But I, when I am stronger and can choose  
what I'm to do,  
O Leerie, I'll go round and light the lamps  
with you !

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before  
the door,  
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so  
many more ;  
And O ! before you hurry by with ladder and  
with light,  
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him  
to-night.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.





## WHY THE BEAR SLEEPS ALL WINTER

### I

Once upon a time, Brother Rabbit lived by himself in the woods. In those days he was always busy, and there were always many good things in his pantry.

Now Brother Bear liked to tease Brother Rabbit. Along he would come, creepy-crawly, creepy-crawly, and put his paw into Brother Rabbit's pantry. How he would upset things! And he would take what he liked, too.

At last Brother Rabbit went to Brother Frog to ask what he could do about it.

"What's the trouble?" asked the frog.

"Oh, Big Bear just will not let me alone," said Brother Rabbit. "He teases me all the time and upsets my pantry. I came to see if you could help me."

"Let's go to Brother Mole. He is wise," said the frog. So off they went to the mole.

“What ’s the trouble?” asked the mole, when he saw them coming.

“Oh, Big Bear just will not let me alone,” answered the rabbit. “He teases me all the time and upsets my pantry. I came to see if you could help me.”

“Let ’s go to Brother Fox. He knows many things,” said the mole. And off they went to the house of Brother Fox.

“What ’s the trouble?” asked the fox, when he saw them coming.

“Oh, Big Bear just will not let me alone. He teases me all the time and upsets my pantry,” answered the rabbit. “I came to see if you could help me.”

“Let ’s go find Big Bear,” said the fox. So off they all went to the woods.

They hunted and hunted and hunted. But no Big Bear could they find. Then they hunted and hunted again. At last they found Big Bear in a hollow log, fast asleep.

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At that, Brother Fox chuckled, and chuckled again.

"Hush-h!" he said. "Don't make a sound!

"Brother Mole, you go bring me some sticks. Hurry!

"Brother Frog, you bring mud. But don't make a sound!

"Brother Rabbit, you stand ready to do just as I say. We'll fix Big Bear so he won't tease anyone for a while." Then Brother Fox chuckled again.

Soon, back came the mole with the sticks, and the frog with the mud.

"Now, Brother Rabbit," said the fox, "you fill up the ends of the log with sticks and mud. Then hammer them down well."

So Brother Rabbit filled up the ends of the log and hammered them down. Then Brother Rabbit, Brother Mole, and Brother Fox went home.

II

And Big Bear? Why, he slept and slept and slept.

Once he woke. But it was dark and still; so he went to sleep again.

Again he woke. But he heard the wind and the rain; so he went to sleep again.

Then a third time he woke. But this time he thought he heard wind and snow; so once more he turned over and slept.

After a long time he woke again.

"I think I must have been asleep a long time," he said to himself.

He listened. The birds were singing; the bees were humming.

So Big Bear stretched himself and yawned; and, as he did so, one end of the log burst open. He stretched himself and yawned again, and the other end of the log burst open.

Then Big Bear saw that it was spring. The trees were green; the flowers were growing.

“Well, well, well! If I have n’t slept all winter!” said Big Bear. “I like that. I have missed all the cold and the snow. I think I’ll do it every winter.

“But I have n’t had a thing to eat in a long time. I guess I’ll go see what Brother Rabbit has in his pantry.” And back he went to his old ways again.

So that is why Big Bear sleeps all winter and teases poor Brother Rabbit all summer long.

*An Old Southern Folk Tale.*

## ULYSSES AND THE BAG OF WINDS

There is no more beautiful country in the world than Greece. Its hills are high, its valleys are green, and the waves of the sea make music on its shores.

In the days of long ago there was a war between Greece and Troy. Brave men of Greece set sail for Troy. One of the very bravest was

Ulysses. As Ulysses and his men sailed out, the women of Greece stood on the shore and waved their hands, and sang, —

“The gods be with you,  
The gods be with you,  
And send you home victorious !”

The war with Troy lasted a long time ; and, when it was over, Ulysses and his men sailed homeward. But, as they were sailing, there came a great storm ; and fierce winds blew the ships to a strange island.

The king of this island was named Æolus. Now it so happened that Æolus was king of the winds. He kept them in a cave and let them out one at a time. When he sent out a fierce wind, the trees would bow down, the waves would roll high, and sometimes ships would sink at sea. When he called home the fierce wind and sent out a gentle one again, the leaves would just move on the trees, and little ripples go dancing over the water.

Æolus was very kind to Ulysses and his men. One day he said to Ulysses, —

“I will tie all the winds but one in a bag and let you take it with you. The one wind that is not in the bag will blow you home in ten days. Watch the bag night and day. So long as the bag is not opened, all will be well.”

Ulysses thanked Æolus. Then he took the bag and set sail. He watched the bag so well that all his men wondered what was in it.

“What can be in it?” they would whisper to one another. “What can be in it? It must be very wonderful when Ulysses will not sleep.”

Poor Ulysses had a very hard time keeping his eyes open. On the ninth day they would keep closing in spite of him.

Toward sunset there was a cry of “Land! Land!” Far away, across the water, hilltops could be seen; and the sailors began singing, —

“The land of Greece once more we see,  
Belovèd of the gods are we!”



Ulysses was too sleepy to sing. As the sailors sang, his head dropped ; and then—he was sound asleep.

“Now,” said the sailors, “now is our time to find out what is in the bag !”

Creep, creep, went the sailors. Slowly, softly, they untied the string. Zip ! Whiz ! and the winds were out !

Ziz-z-z ! How the winds whistled ! Ulysses and his sailors had never heard such a whistle before. Flip-flap, went the sails ! The ships went coasting down one wave, sailing up an-



other, and spinning about like tops; and the sailors had a hard time to keep them from sinking.

Then what do you think happened? The winds turned the ships toward the island of King Æolus and blew them all back in a hurry.

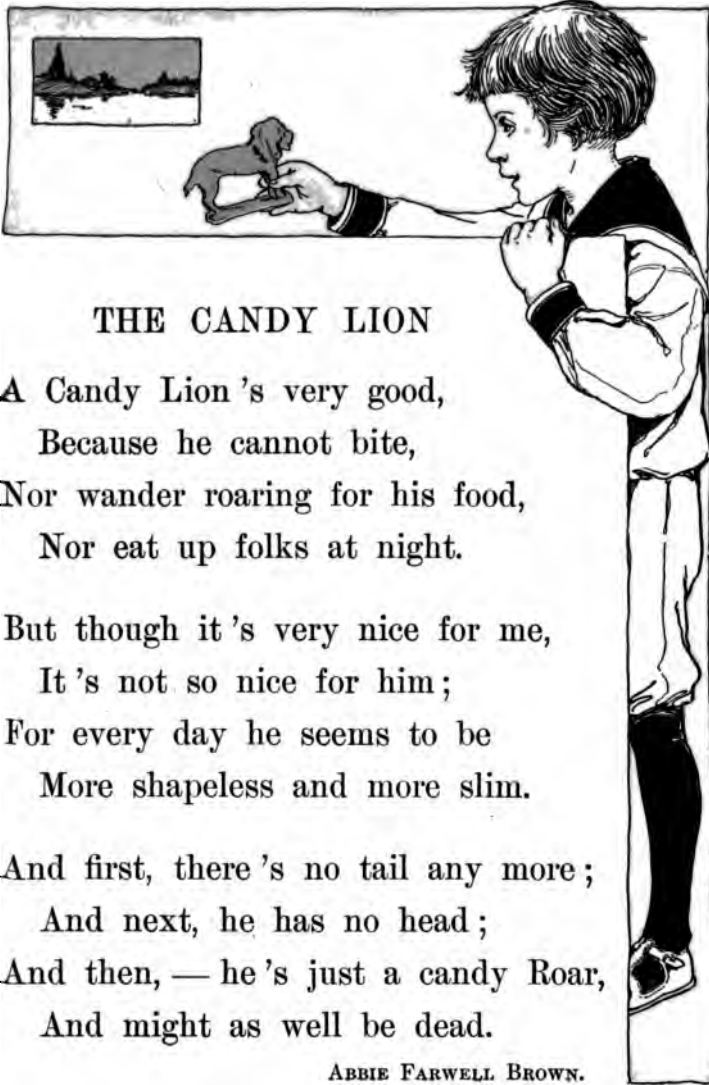
Do you think Æolus was glad to see Ulysses again? Not he! He was very angry indeed.

“Away!” he said. “Away! I will have nothing more to do with you. I help no one twice.”

So, a second time, Ulysses and his friends set sail. This time there was no gentle wind to help. Many things happened; and it was ten long years before the sailors sang again, —

“The land of Greece once more we see,  
Belovèd of the gods are we!”

as the hilltops of Greece rose before them, far across the water.



## THE CANDY LION

A Candy Lion's very good,  
Because he cannot bite,  
Nor wander roaring for his food,  
Nor eat up folks at night.

But though it's very nice for me,  
It's not so nice for him;  
For every day he seems to be  
More shapeless and more slim.

And first, there's no tail any more;  
And next, he has no head;  
And then, — he's just a candy Roar,  
And might as well be dead.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.



### A JAPANESE FAIRY TALE

There is no fairy in this story. But the Japanese call it a fairy tale ; so I am going to call it a fairy tale, too.

Though it has no fairy, it has a big, fierce ogre ; a brave young man, Mo-mo-ta-ro ; a wasp, a crab, a chestnut, and a millstone. Now this was the way of it : —

Not far from one of the little Japanese towns, lived a big ogre. He was very fierce ; and the people of the town were indeed afraid of him.

Mo-mo-ta-ro heard about the ogre. Now, Mo-mo-ta-ro, as a boy, had been very brave ; and by the time he was a young man, he had done so many brave things that all the people loved him. He loved the people, too ; so now he said, —

“I must try to help these people. I will go and rid them of this ogre.” So he put some rice in a bamboo leaf, to eat on the way ; and off he went early one morning.

As he was eating his rice, a wasp came flying by.

“May I share your food ? ” asked the wasp.

“Share and welcome,” said Mo-mo-ta-ro.

When they had eaten, the wasp said, —

“Now I will go with you, to help you when you reach the ogre’s house.”

So Mo-mo-ta-ro and the wasp traveled till the close of the day. Then they sat down to eat.

No sooner had they spread out the bamboo leaf, than a crab came backing along the road.

It backed right up to the bamboo leaf.

“May I share your food?” asked the crab.

“Share and welcome,” said Mo-mo-ta-ro.

When they had eaten, the crab said, —

“Now I will go with you, to help you when you reach the ogre’s house.”

Mo-mo-ta-ro, the wasp, and the crab rested till morning. Then they spread out the bamboo leaf once more.



No sooner had they done so, than a brown chestnut from a tree overhead dropped upon the bamboo leaf.

“ May I share your food ? ” asked the chestnut.

“ Share and welcome,” said Mo-mo-ta-ro.

When they had eaten, the chestnut said, —

“ Now I will go with you, to help you when you reach the ogre’s house.”

So Mo-mo-ta-ro, the wasp, the crab, and the chestnut went on together. They traveled till noon. Then they sat down by a mill.

No sooner had they spread out the bamboo leaf, than a big millstone came rolling over to it.

“ May I share your food ? ” asked the millstone.

“ Share and welcome,” said Mo-mo-ta-ro.

When they had eaten, the millstone said, —

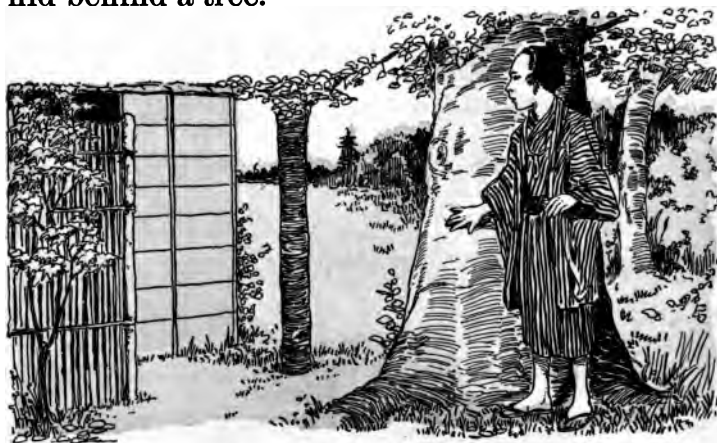
“ Now I will go with you, to help you when you reach the ogre’s house.”

So Mo-mo-ta-ro, the wasp, the crab, the chestnut, and the millstone went on together.

By and by they came to the house of the

ogre. The ogre was out, but in they all went.

They talked together for a long time. Then the chestnut hid itself in the ashes in the fire-place. The crab jumped into a bowl of water. The wasp flew to a dark corner. But the millstone and Mo-mo-ta-ro went outside again. The millstone climbed to the roof; and Mo-mo-ta-ro hid behind a tree.



Soon they heard the ogre coming. And they all kept still, I can tell you!

Going up to the fire to warm his hands, the ogre saw the chestnut.

“Oho!” he said, “a fine brown chestnut ready to eat!” And he put his hand down into the ashes to get it.

Pop! burst the chestnut, and burned the ogre’s hand.

Then the ogre ran to the bowl and thrust his hand into the water.

The crab grabbed his hand.

“Oh! Oh-h-h!” cried the ogre, as he pulled his hand out of the water. “Oh, oh, oh!” he cried, and ran over to the dark corner.

Buzz! came the wasp out of the corner, and stung the ogre.

By this time the ogre was very frightened. He ran out of the house. And just then, down from the roof came the millstone — and that was the end of the ogre!

And this is the end of the story. The Japanese call it a fairy tale. Do you?



## THE LANTERN AND THE FAN

Once, in a little Japanese town, there lived a man who had two sons. Each son brought home a wife from another town far away.

The father, his sons, and their wives lived together happily for some time. Then the wives wanted to go to their old homes to see their friends.

Now you must know that, in Japan, the father is the head of the house. So the wives said, —

“Father, may we go to see our friends?”

“No,” answered the father.

A second time the wives asked, —

“Father, may we go to see our friends?”

A second time the father answered, —

“No.”

Some weeks went by. Then the wives asked the father a third time, —

“May we go to see our friends?”

“I will see if the wives my sons have brought love me,” said the father to himself. Then he said to the elder of the two wives, —

“Go, but come not back till you can bring me fire wrapped in paper.” And, to the younger wife, he said, —

“Go, but come not back till you can bring me wind wrapped in paper.”

The two wives were very happy, and away they went to see their friends.

They thought no more about the fire and the wind, till it was time to go back. Then, —

“Where can I find paper that will hold fire?” said the elder; and, —

“Where can I find paper that will hold wind?” said the younger.

No one could tell them. So one day they went into the woods and, sitting under the trees, began to cry.

“Why are you sad?” asked a voice. There

was no one to be seen, but the two wives told their troubles.

"It is easy to wrap fire in paper," said the voice. "Here is a piece of paper." A piece of paper fluttered down before them.

"Now, watch!" said the voice.

They watched; and the paper folded itself around and stood there on the ground, as if it were waiting for something.

"Pick up the candle," said the voice. A candle dropped at the feet of the elder of the two wives. She picked it up.



"Now set the candle within the paper," said the voice, "and light it; for you have paper that will hold fire."

The elder wife set the candle within the paper, and lo! she had made the first Japanese lantern.

The elder wife was very happy, as she lighted

the candle and took the lantern in her hand. But the younger was still sad.

“O dear voice,” she cried, “can anyone carry wind in paper?”

“That is easy,” answered the voice. “Watch!”

They watched, and another piece of paper came fluttering down. There was a picture on it of a tree all a-blossom in spring, and birds flying through the branches.

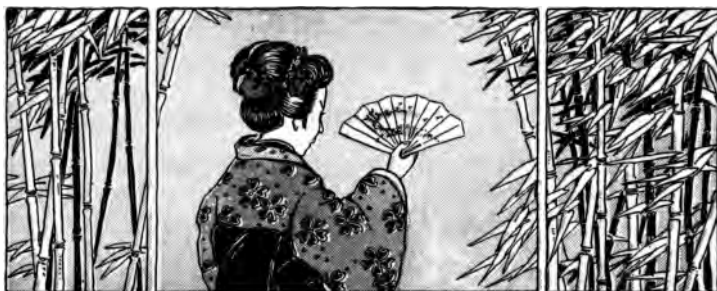
“Now you have the paper, and there is always wind. Why not take them?” asked the voice.

“Indeed, I do not know how!” said the younger of the wives.

“This way!” said the voice. Then some little thin sticks flew to the paper; and the paper folded itself this way and that, this way and that, from end to end. Then it opened and closed, and waved itself before the face of the younger wife.

“Is not the wind coming to your face?”

asked the voice. "And is it not the fan that brings it?"



The younger wife was very happy, as she took in her hand the first Japanese fan. She waved it now this way, now that; and it carried the wind with it.

Then, with the lantern and the fan, the two wives went home. The father and his sons came running to meet them. When the father saw that the wives had brought fire and wind wrapped in paper, he said, —

"Now I know that the wives of my sons love me."

*An Old Japanese Tale.*  
FLORENCE HOLBROOK. *Adapted.*



## TWINKLING BUGS

When the sun sinks under the world's red  
rim,

And the river fades till its shores are dim,

And the trees are dark where the shadows lie,

Then they go by,

By,

By—

The twinkling bugs go by.

They trim their lamps through the daylight  
hours,

For each bug rubs and rubs and scours,

To have his bright as the stars in the sky,

When they go by,

By,

By—

The twinkling bugs go by.

They hide so well through the whole long day,  
You never can find one, search as you may; ,  
You never need look till fades the sky,

Then they go by,

By,

By —

The twinkling bugs go by.



## PLEASE

There was once a little word named "Please," that lived in a small boy's mouth. Pleases live in everybody's mouth, though people often forget they are there.

Now, all Pleases, to be kept strong and happy, should be taken out of the mouth very often, so they can get the air. They are like little fish in a bowl, you know, that come popping up to the top of the water to breathe.

The Please I am going to tell you about lived in the mouth of a boy named Dick; but only once in a long while did it have a chance to get out. For Dick, I am sorry to say, was a rude little boy; he hardly ever remembered to say "Please."

"Give me some bread! I want some water! Give me that book!"—that is the way he would ask for things.



His father and mother felt very badly about this. And, as for the poor Please itself, it would sit up on the roof of the boy's mouth day after day, hoping for a chance to get out. It was growing weaker and weaker every day.



This boy Dick had a brother John. Now, John was older than Dick — he was almost ten; and he was just as polite as Dick was rude. So his Please had plenty of fresh air, and was strong and happy.

One day at breakfast, Dick's Please felt that he must have some fresh air, even if he had to

run away. So out he ran, — out of Dick's mouth, — and took a long breath. Then he crept across the table and jumped into John's mouth!

The Please-who-lived-there was very angry

“Get out!” he cried. “You don't belong here! This is *my* mouth!”

“I know it,” replied Dick's Please. “I live over there in that brother mouth. But alas! I am not happy there. I am never used. I never get a breath of fresh air! I thought you might be willing to let me stay here for a day or so — until I felt stronger.”

“Why, certainly,” said the other Please, kindly. “I understand. Stay, of course; and when my master uses me, we will both go out together. He is kind, and I am sure he would not mind saying ‘Please’ twice. Stay, as long as you like.”

That noon, at dinner, John wanted some butter; and this is what he said:—

“Father, will you pass me the butter, please — please?”

“Certainly,” said his father. “But why be so *very* polite?”

John did not answer. He was turning to his mother, and said, —

“Mother, will you give me a muffin, please — please?”

His mother laughed.

“You shall have the muffin, dear; but why do you say ‘please’ twice?”

“I don’t know,” answered John. “The words seem just to jump out, somehow. Katie, please — please, some water!”

This time, John was almost frightened.

“Well, well,” said his father, “there is no harm done. One can’t be too ‘pleasing’ in this world.”

All this time little Dick had been calling, “Give me an egg! I want some milk! Give me a spoon!” in the rude way he had. But

now he stopped and listened to his brother. He thought it would be fun to try to talk like John; so he began, —

“Mother, will you give me a muffin, m-m-m-?”

He was trying to say “please”; but how could he? He never guessed that his own little Please was sitting in John’s mouth. So he tried again, and asked for the butter.

“Mother, will you pass me the butter, m-m-m-?”

That was all he could say.

So it went on all day, and everyone wondered what was the matter with those two boys. When night came, they were both so tired, and Dick was so cross, that their mother sent them to bed very early.

But the next morning, no sooner had they sat down to breakfast than Dick’s Please ran home again. He had had so much fresh air the day before that now he was feeling quite

strong and happy. And the very next moment, he had another airing; for Dick said,—

“Father, will you cut my orange, please?”  
Why! the word slipped out as easily as could be! It sounded just as well as when John said it — John was saying only *one* “please” this morning. And from that time on, little Dick was just as polite as his brother.

ALICIA ASPINWALL. *Adapted.*

### MY FAIRY

I'd like to tame a fairy,  
To keep it on a shelf,  
To see it wash its little face,  
And dress its little self.  
I'd teach it pretty manners,  
It always should say “Please”;  
And then, you know, I'd make it sew,  
And curtsy with its knees!

ANONYMOUS.

THE DONKEY AND HIS COMPANY

I

PLACE: The road.

TIME: Afternoon.

DONKEY	CAT
DOG	CHANTICLEER

[ *The DONKEY is walking along the road.* ]

DONKEY.

I like to go to Bremen Town,  
But lonely is the way ;  
Here comes a little yellow dog ;  
I think I 'll say Good day —  
How are you, little yellow dog ?  
I wonder where you 're bound.

DOG.

Oh, I am going to Bremen Town,  
Where many rats are found.

DONKEY.

Then let us travel side by side,  
And while away the day.

[*The Dog and the Donkey go on together.*]

DOG.

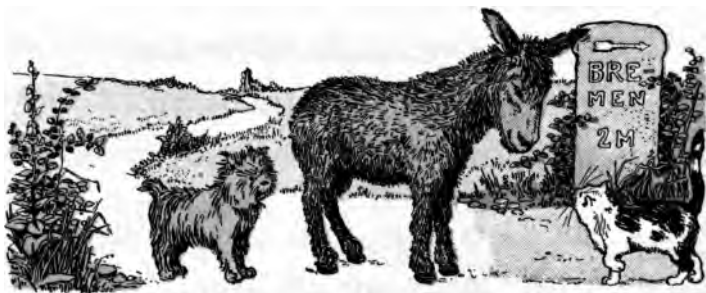
Here comes a little pussy cat.

DONKEY.

Where go you, Puss, we pray?

CAT.

Dear sirs, I'm glad to meet you ;  
To Bremen I am bound ;  
I'm going to stay a day or two  
To sing and look around.



DONKEY.

Then will you keep us company ?

We go that way to-day.

CAT.

I 'm happy to have company

To cheer me on the way.

*[The Donkey, the Dog, and the Cat travel on together.]*

DOG.

Oh, here comes Mr. Chanticleer !

Pray where, sir, are you bound ?

CHANTICLEER.

To Bremen Town ; I 'm traveling there

To crow and hear the sound.

I 'd like to join your company ;

For, though I 've not much goods,

I 've heard that robbers fierce and bold

Are living in these woods.

*[The Donkey, the Dog, the Cat, and the Chanticleer go into the woods.]*



II

PLACE : The woods.

TIME : Night.

CHANTICLEER.

Oh, let us keep together now ;  
I hear a strange sound, hark !

DOG.

We cannot see to travel,  
When the forest is so dark.

CAT.

We 'll slowly go and feel our way.

DONKEY.

Oh, see that light ahead !

DOG.

A house here in the forest — so?  
And the people not in bed ?

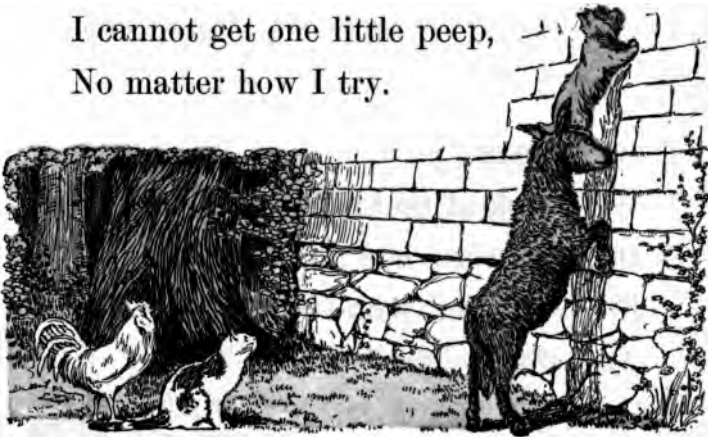
DONKEY.

Together very softly, there  
The four of us will creep.

The window 's high ; but I 'll stand up,  
And into the house I 'll peep.

*(The Donkey tries to look in at the window.)*

Oh, dear me ! Look ! I cannot reach ;  
The window 's very high ;  
I cannot get one little peep,  
No matter how I try.



Dog.

Then rest two feet upon the wall,  
To make a place for me.  
When I stand up on top of you,  
It may be I can see.

*[The Dog climbs upon the Donkey and tries  
to look in at the window.]*

CAT.

I see, dear Dog, you can't reach up;  
But I am long and thin,  
So now upon your back I'll spring  
That I may look within.

*[The Cat springs upon the Dog's back and tries to look in.]*

CHANTICLEER.

Well, look at that! Dear Puss can't see.  
It's my turn now; I'll fly  
Right up and stand on Pussy's head,  
And then to see I'll try.

*[Chanticleer flies to the Cat's head and peeps in.]*



CHANTICLEER.

O friends, some robbers  
fierce and bold!

Full twenty men are there;  
They eat and drink, and each one has  
A sack beside his chair.

They can't eat all the table holds,  
And it will go to waste —  
Good goose and cake and apple pie —  
I wish I had a taste.

DOG.

Hush, hush! Hu-s-h, hu-s-s-s-h!  
Be still, or we'll be found;  
Now let us see what we can do —  
They must not hear a sound.

DONKEY.

If we could frighten all those men  
So they would run away,  
We'd eat and rest; then with the sacks  
We'd travel on our way.

CAT.

Let's mew and bark and crow and bray  
As loudly as we can;  
We'll frighten them, so they will jump  
And run — yes, every man!

*[The Cat mews ; the Dog barks ; the Chanticleer crows ; the Donkey brays.]*

CHANTICLEER.

Just see them run, ha ha, ha ha !  
They run with all their might.  
Now we 'll go in ; we 'll eat and drink,  
And then we 'll sleep all night.

DONKEY.

And when we get to Bremen, friends,  
Let 's wandering singers be !

DOG.

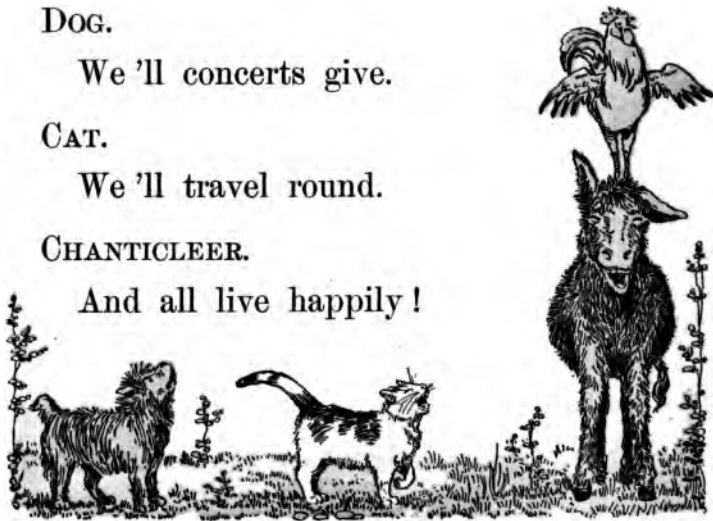
We 'll concerts give.

CAT.

We 'll travel round.

CHANTICLEER.

And all live happily !





### THE LITTLE JACKAL AND THE ALLIGATOR

Once there was a little jackal. How he did like to eat crabs ! But an old alligator lived in the river, so the little jackal had to be very careful.

One day he wanted crabs so much that he did not think to be careful and put his paw into the water without looking. Snap ! the big alligator had it in his mouth.

“ Oh, dear me ! ” thought the little jackal. “ That old alligator has my paw. In another minute he will eat me up. What shall I do ? H’m ! I know ! ” So he said, —

“ Ho, ho ! Clever Mr. Alligator ! Smart Mr. Alligator, to take that old root for my

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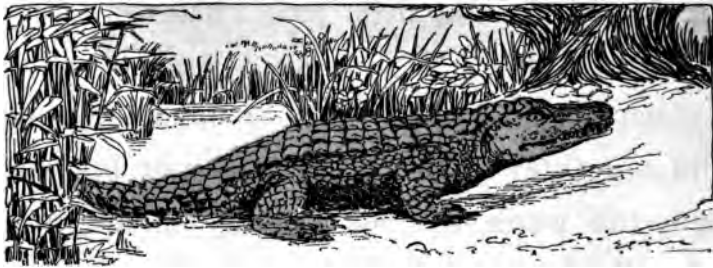
paw! I trust you will find it very good!"

Now the old alligator under the water could not see.

"Pshaw!" he thought, "I've made a mistake." So he let the little jackal go.

The little jackal ran away as fast as he could run. But he called back to the alligator, —

"Thank you, Mr. Alligator! Kind Mr. Alligator! So kind of you to let me go!"



Whew! but that old alligator was angry!  
Whew! but he was angry!

The little jackal kept away from the river for a long time. But, in about a week, he thought that he must have a crab. So he went down to the river and looked about.

He did not see the alligator. But this time he thought it well to be very careful indeed. He began to talk to himself. He said, —

“When I don’t see any little crabs on the land, I see them sticking up out of the water. Then I can put my paw in and get them. I wonder if there are any fat little crabs in the river to-day.”

Now the old alligator was under the water. He thought to himself, —

“Aha! I’ll play that I am a little crab. Then I’ll catch the little jackal when he sticks his paw in.” So he thrust his black nose out of the water.

The little jackal took one look. Then he ran. How he ran! But, as he ran, he called back, —

“Thank you, Mr. Alligator! Kind Mr. Alligator, to let me know where you are!”

And I cannot tell you how angry the old alligator was.



For a long, long time the little jackal kept away from the river. Then he thought he *must* have a crab. So he went down to the river and began to talk to himself. It was a little way he had.

“When I don’t see any little crabs on land, or sticking up out of the water, I see them blowing little bubbles up from the water. They go puff, puff, puff! and pop, pop, pop! and then I know where the little crabs are. I wonder if I shall see any little bubbles to-day.”

The old alligator was under the water.

“Pooh!” he thought, “I’ll just blow a few little bubbles.” So he blew and blew, and you should have seen the bubbles!

The little jackal did not need to be told who made the bubbles. He knew very well that they were no crab bubbles. So off he ran, calling back to the old alligator, —

“Thank you, Mr. Alligator! You are kind, so very kind, to show me where you are!”

## THE JACKAL AND THE ALLIGATOR 157

Now I could n't tell you how very angry the alligator was. He went after the little jackal. But the little jackal ran very fast.

After this, the little jackal was afraid to go to the river. So he had no more crabs. But he found a garden of wild figs, and he went there every day to get some.

The old alligator soon found out about the fig garden. So he crept and he crawled till he came to the garden. Then he made a great pile of figs and crawled under it.

Pretty soon, back came the little jackal, very happy — but looking all around. He saw the great pile of figs under the fig tree.

“H'm!” thought the jackal. “That looks very much like my friend, the alligator.” So he stood still and began to talk to himself. It was a little way he had, you know.

“The little figs I like best are fat and juicy. They drop off when the wind blows, and then the wind blows them this way and that way.

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That great pile of figs over there is very still. I think they cannot be good figs."

The old alligator thought, "I'll have to make these figs roll about." So he moved just a little, and the figs went rolling this way and that. And the old alligator's back showed through.

The little jackal did not wait for a second look this time. He ran like the wind! But, as he ran, he called back, —

"Thank you, Mr. Alligator! So kind of you to show me where you are! I can't stay to thank you as I should like to do. Good-bye!"

The old alligator was angry, angry, angry!

"I'll have that little jackal, come what may!" he said.

The old alligator crept and crawled, and crept and crawled, till he came to the little jackal's house. He crept and crawled and pushed, till he hid himself in the house. Then he waited for the little jackal to come.



By and by the little jackal came, dancing and happy — but looking all around. He saw the ground all scratched up.

“What can this be?” he said. Then he saw that the door of his house was scratched and broken.

“What can this be?” he said. So he stood still and began to talk to himself. It was a little way he had, you know.

“How strange it is that my little house does not talk to me! Why don’t you talk to me, little house? You always talk if everything is all right.”

“Well,” thought the old alligator, “I suppose I shall have to talk, or that little jackal will never come in. Hello! How are you, little jackal?”

When the jackal heard that, he was afraid. Indeed he was !

“ It ’s the old alligator,” he said, “ and he is in my house. If I don’t get rid of him this time, he will get rid of me. What shall I do ? ”

He thought very fast. Then he said very sweetly, —

“ Thank you, little house. It ’s so nice to hear your voice. I ’ll be in in a minute, just as soon as I gather some wood.”

Then he went and gathered wood, and more wood and more wood. He put it close to his little house, and then he set fire to it. And it smoked and smoked and smoked ; and the smoke filled the little house. That old alligator went crawling out as fast as he could go, I can tell you. And he never troubled that little jackal again.

SARA CONE BRYANT. *Adapted.*



## GRASSHOPPER GREEN

Grasshopper green is a comical chap ;  
He lives on the best of fare.  
Bright little trousers, jacket, and cap,  
These are his summer wear.  
Out in the meadow he loves to go,  
Playing away in the sun ;  
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,  
Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper green has a quaint little house ;  
It's under the hedge so gay.  
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,  
Watches him over the way.  
Gladly he's calling the children, I know,  
Out in the beautiful sun ;  
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,  
Summer's the time for fun.

ANONYMOUS.

## EPAMINONDAS AND HIS AUNTIE

Epaminondas went to see his auntie almost every day. And she always gave him something to take home to his mammy.

One day she gave him some cake — fine, rich, yellow cake.

Epaminondas took it in his warm little hand. Then he closed his hand, hard. When he reached home, he had nothing but crumbs.

“What have you there, Epaminondas?” asked his mammy.

“Cake, mammy,” said Epaminondas.

“Cake!” said his mammy. “Epaminondas, that’s no way to carry cake! When your auntie gives you cake, you wrap it all up in some nice green leaves and put it into your hat. Then you put your hat on your head and come along home. You hear me, Epaminondas?”

“Yes, mammy,” said Epaminondas.

Next day Epaminondas went to see his auntie. She gave him a roll of butter for his mammy — fine, sweet butter.

Epaminondas wrapped the butter in some leaves and put it into his hat. Then he put his hat on his head and went along home.

It was a very hot day. Soon the butter began to melt. It melted and melted and melted. It ran down Epaminondas’s face. It ran into his ears. It ran down his neck.

When Epaminondas reached home, all the butter that he had was *on* him.

His mammy looked at him. Then she said, —

“Epaminondas! What have you got in your hat?”

“Butter, mammy,” said Epaminondas. “Auntie sent it to you.”

“Butter!” said his mammy. “Epaminondas, that’s no way to carry butter! When your auntie gives you butter, you wrap it up in



some leaves. Then you take it down to the brook, and you cool it and cool it in the water. Then you take it on your hands and bring it along home."

"Yes, mammy," said Epaminondas.

By and by Epaminondas went to see his auntie again. This time she gave him a little puppy-dog to take home.

Epaminondas wrapped it in some leaves and took it down to the brook. Then he cooled it and cooled it and cooled it in the water. Then he took it in his hands and went along home.

When he reached home, his mammy looked at him. Then she said, —

"Epaminondas! What *have* you there?"

"A puppy-dog, mammy," said Epaminondas.

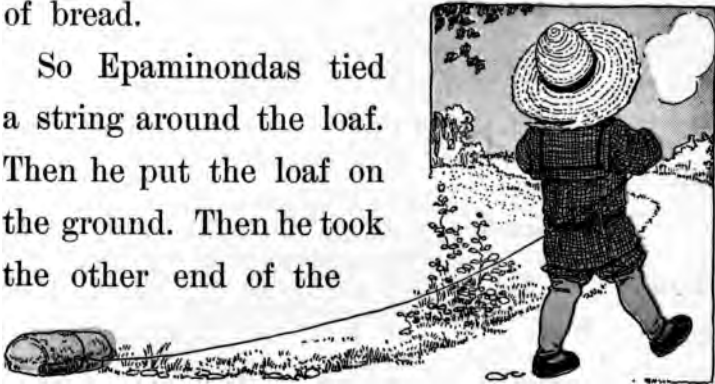
"A puppy-dog!" said his mammy. "Epaminondas, that's no way to carry a puppy-dog! To carry a puppy-dog, you tie a string around the puppy-dog's neck. Then you put

him on the ground. Then you take the other end of the string and come along home."

"Yes, mammy," said Epaminondas.

Next day Epaminondas went to see his auntie again; and she gave him a loaf of bread to carry to his mammy — a nice, brown loaf of bread.

So Epaminondas tied a string around the loaf. Then he put the loaf on the ground. Then he took the other end of the



string and went along home.

When he reached home, his mammy looked at the thing on the end of the string. Then she said, —

"Epaminondas! What *have* you on the end of that string?"

"Bread, mammy," said Epaminondas.

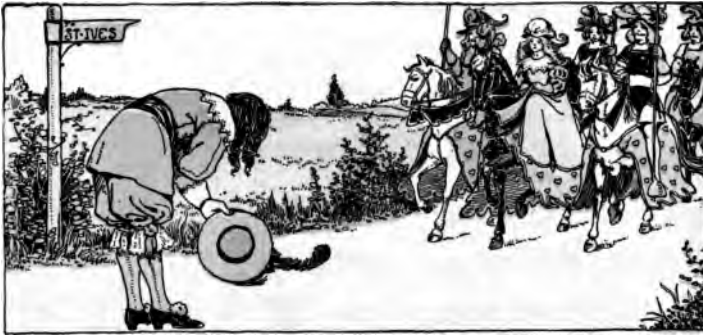
“Bread!” said his mammy. “Now, see here, Epaminondas! I ’m not going to tell you any more ways of bringing things home. And you ’re not going to your auntie’s any more. I ’m going myself.”

The next morning Epaminondas’s mammy made six apple pies. She set them in a row on the doorstep to cool. Then she put on her bonnet to go see auntie. As she started out, she said, —

“Epaminondas, you see those six apple pies? You see how I ’ve set them on the doorstep to cool? Well now, you hear me, Epaminondas; *you be careful how you step on those pies!*”

And Epaminondas *was* careful. He stepped right — in — the — middle — of — each — pie!

And do you know, no one knows what happened next! No one knows. But can you guess?



## TO ST. IVES



As I was going to St. Ives  
Upon a summer day,  
I met a pretty princess,  
Who rode upon her way  
With seven lords-in-waiting  
And seven ladies too,  
And seven pretty pages  
In suits of white and blue,  
And seven knights in saddle,  
And seven footmen tall;  
How many travelers to St. Ives?  
I pray you count them all.



### THE THREE FISH

There was once a pond where lived three happy fish. Now, one of these fish always used his wits; the second used his at times; but the third never used his at all.

One day two fishermen were walking by the pond. They looked down into the clear water and saw the three fish.

“Quick! let us go home and bring our nets,” they cried. “Here is a fine catch!”

When the three fish heard the fishermen,

they were much afraid. But the fish who always used his wits swam quickly to the outlet of the pond and was soon out of the way of the fishermen.

In a few minutes the fishermen came back. They looked down into the water and saw that one fish had gone. Then they looked about for the outlet of the pond ; and when they had found it, they stopped it up.

Now, the fish who at times used his wits turned on his back and floated on the top of the water, as if he were dead. One of the fishermen picked him up.

“This fish is dead,” said the fisherman ; and he threw him back into the pond.

The fish who never used his wits was swimming about in the water. But that very day he was set before the king.

*A Bidpai Fable.*

MAUD BARROWS DUTTON. *Adapted.*

## A BARGAIN

You need not be looking around at me so ;  
She's my kitten, as much as your kitten,  
you know,  
And I'll take her wherever I wish her to go !

You know very well that, the day she was  
found,  
If I had n't cried, she'd have surely been  
drowned,  
And you ought to be thankful she's here  
safe and sound !

She is only just crying because she's a goose ;  
I'm *not* squeezing her — look, now ! — my  
hands are quite loose ;  
And she may as well hush, for it's not any  
use.

And *you* may as well get right down and go  
'way !



You 're not in the thing we are going to play,  
And, remember, it is n't your half of the day.

You 're forgetting the bargain we made — and  
so soon !

In the morning she 's mine, and yours all  
afternoon,

And *you* could n't teach her to eat with a  
spoon !

So don't let me hear you give one single mew.  
Do you know what will happen, right off, if  
you do ?

She 'll be my kitten mornings and afternoons  
too !

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.



## THE WATER DOLLY

Prissy lived near the sea. She liked to play on the beach. She liked to gather shells and seaweed. Then, too, there were the little horse-shoe crabs. Prissy liked to stand them up in a ring, by sticking their tails into the sand.

Sometimes Prissy went to the beach with her father and her brother Sam. She would help them gather seaweed to sell.

One morning early, they all went down to the beach, in the cart. The sun was shining. The sky was blue. The sea was blue, too; and all the little waves were white with foam.

Prissy was very happy. She ran here and there. She gathered her arms full of seaweed to carry to the cart.

All at once her bright eyes spied a bit of blue. It was not in the sky or in the water. It was in the seaweed near by.

Prissy ran to it and dug and dug; and she found — What do you think? A dear little dolly! Such a dear dolly! It had blue eyes and



yellow hair. And it had a dress as blue as its eyes, and little blue shoes.

Prissy looked and looked. Then she began to take off the dear little clothes. Little Prissy hugged the dolly to her.

“O you dear, dear dolly! Where did you come from? Oh! I wanted you! I will be so

good to you!" Then she ran down the beach to Sam.

"Oh, look!" she cried. "See what I found!"

"I wonder who lost it," said Sam.

"O Sam," said Prissy, "she is mine! I want to keep her." And then little Prissy sat down and cried. For you must know that Prissy had never had any dolly but one made of corncobs.

"There, there! Don't cry, Prissy," said her father. "Some little girl at the Beach House must have lost it. We'll stop and see."

So Prissy and her father and Sam climbed into the cart; and Prissy hugged the dolly all the way to the Beach House. When they reached the big house, Sam took the doll.

"Did anyone here lose a doll?" he asked.

"It's Nelly Hunt's doll," said a little boy. "I'll go find her."

In a few minutes a little girl and her mother came out. Prissy held out the doll.

"Where did you find her, my dear?" asked the lady. "And what have you been crying about? Did you wish she were your dolly?"

"Yes," said Prissy, as she tried not to cry; "I thought she was going to be my dolly."

The lady looked down at her little girl. She did not say anything, but the little girl nodded.

"Yes, indeed, mother," she said; "she may have the doll."

"Nelly would like to give you the dolly," the lady said. "She left her out on the rocks. I hope you will be a more careful mother."

"Have n't you any dolls?" asked Nelly. "I have six others."

"No," said Prissy, "only one made of corn-cobs. Oh, I think you are so good!"

In the afternoon, Prissy sat with her dolly, down on the sand. The sun was shining. The waves were dancing. Prissy was very happy. And the Water Dolly looked happy, too.

MR. AND MRS. SPIKKY SPARROW

Mr. Spikky Sparrow stood on a branch.

Mrs. Sparrow sat near by. She was making a pie for her five children.

The five little sparrows were in the nest, with their mouths open, ready for the pie.

As Mrs. Sparrow made the pie, she sang a song to the little sparrows. She sang, —



“Twikky wikky wikky wee,  
Wikky bikky wikky tee,  
Spikky bikky bee!”

Of course the little sparrows understood sparrow talk. The song told them that the pie would soon be ready. It told them that each little sparrow would have some.

When the pie was done, Mrs. Sparrow looked at Mr. Sparrow. And she said, —

“Chippy wippy sikky tee,

Bikky wikky tikky tee,  
Spikky chippy wee!"

You will never guess what Mrs. Sparrow was talking about. So I must tell you what she said. First she said, "Spikky dear!" Then she said, —

"All last night, up in the trees,  
I heard you cough, I heard you sneeze;  
And thought I, 'It's come to that  
Because he does not wear a hat!'"

Then what do you think Mr. Sparrow said?  
He said, —

"Witchy kitchy kitchy wee,  
Spikky wikky mikky bee,  
Chippy wippy chee!"

This meant, —

"And, my dear, I too was thinking,  
When one day I saw you winking,  
And I heard you snuffle-snuffle,  
And I saw your feathers ruffle:

To myself I sadly said,  
 She's a bad cold in her head!  
 That dear head has nothing on it!  
 Ought she not to wear a bonnet?"

Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow talked for a long time. Then they said, "Let us go shopping!" So they flew to town. They flew to the top of a steeple. Then they flew down to a shop.



They bought a hat and a walking stick for Mr. Spikky Sparrow. They bought a gown for Mrs. Sparrow, and a sash, and a pair of dear little slippers, and a bonnet with flowers on it.

Mrs. Sparrow put on the new gown. She tied on the sash. She put the little slippers on her little feet. Then she tied on the bonnet with flowers on it.



When they were dressed in their new clothes, they flew home. The little sparrows were very happy. They said, —  
 "O ma and pa! How very beautiful you are!"

Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow were very happy, too.  
And they said, —

“ We trust that cold or pain  
We shall never feel again ;  
And now, on tree or house or steeple,  
We shall look like other people.”

Then the sparrows big and little said, —

“ Witchy witchy witchy wee,  
Twikky mikky bikky bee,  
Zikky sikky tee ! ”

I am not quite sure what all this meant. But I think “ Zikky sikky tee ! ” sounds like, “ We are happy as happy can be ! ” And I am sure that the two big Spikky Sparrows and the five little Spikky Sparrows lived happily ever after.

*Based on Verses by EDWARD LEAR.*





Merry have we met,  
And merry have we been ;  
Merry let us part,  
And merry meet again.

*Old Rhyme.*





## WORDS REQUIRING SPECIAL DRILL

These words, found in the Primer, First Reader, and this book, offer special difficulty to second grade children. They are, therefore, grouped here in order that pupils may learn unfailingly to recognize them at sight.

how	you	give
now	your	gave
come	our	live
some	are	like
saw	or	lift
was	nor	left
were		
put	in	be
but	into	been
	up	tired
so	upon	tried
soon		
any	with	this
many	went	that
	one	what
of	once	why
off		
from	sit	them
for	sat	then
	set	when

## 182 WORDS REQUIRING SPECIAL DRILL

here	say	other
there	says	another
where	said	
while		either
	just	neither
these	must	
those		along
	much	around
often	such	among
after		
	ever	again
do	even	against
does		
	very	could
me	every	would
my	never	should
am	hear	through
an	heard	though
		thought
let	quite	
get	quiet	bought
yet		brought
	queer	
take	quick	whatever
took		whenever
	away	
make	about	anything
made	above	everything
		everyone
loose	across	everybody
lose	always	everywhere

## COMPLETE VOCABULARY

The list excludes the words of the Primer and the First Reader. The number before each group refers to the page on which the words first occur.

9	wise	why	stood
	want	feath' ers	stee' ple
	guessed	17 dress' mak ing	to' ward
10	swal' low	piece	waves
	lov' ing	cloth	21 pas' ture
	cer' tain	frock	east
	cloud' y	cuts	stay
	path' way	bits	22 a round'
	fol' low	might	be gan'
11	crab	sews	im por' tant
	grab	18 wee	ere
	sand	lived	23 won' der
	stretched	noise	knew
	spied	crept	miss
	thought	can' dle	sor' ry
	fun	ta' ble	25 aft er noon'
13	gen' tle	chair	place
	shep' herd ess	blew	26 most
14	dip' pers	19 stairs	al' ways
	buck' et	sit' ting	north
	drink	room	south
15	tip	lift' ed	grand' fa ther
	wink	20 nei' ther	John
16	draw	nor	fam' i ly
	trail' ing	trem' bling	pen
	chim' ney	pass' ing	27 cheese
	ev' er y bod y	fool' ish	wolf
	don't	weath' er cock	shan't

- |               |                |              |
|---------------|----------------|--------------|
| 28 noon       | an' swer       | 42 met       |
| king          | 37 sold        | limp' ing    |
| knights       | mouth          | 44 walked    |
| start         | broth' er      | 46 glad      |
| 29 creep' ing | 38 slipped     | 47 bad       |
| 30 meet       | hap' pi ly     | yes' ter day |
| rid' ing      | bon' ny        | 48 fourth    |
| re mem' bered | a float'       | fat          |
| 31 man' ger   | ros' y         | great        |
| ox            | sun' set       | sack         |
| hun' gry      | 39 rise        | cook         |
| barn          | blue' bells    | 49 danc' ing |
| snapped       | thine          | hap' pen ing |
| nose          | sway' ing      | cross        |
| last          | thus           | kept         |
| hope          | a gainst'      | sticks       |
| 32 heat       | thou           | 51 knocked   |
| faint         | 40 Dump' y     | post' man    |
| year          | fair' y        | popped       |
| with' ered    | god' moth er   | 52 tied      |
| 33 colt       | com' fort      | sad          |
| tur' key      | beasts         | scis' sors   |
| sta' ble      | doth           | nee' dle     |
| gave          | share          | thread       |
| much          | bless' ing     | tired        |
| 34 food       | ev' er y-      | snore        |
| voice         | where          | snip         |
| juic' y       | 41 break' fast | 53 hole      |
| grass         | yel' low       | stone        |
| cool' ing     | sup' per       | your self'   |
| 35 hide       | cried          | pushed       |
| 36 o ho'      | near           | her self'    |
| quick' ly     | hush           | stitch       |
| sweet' ly     | be cause'      | 54 own       |

shut	stopped	stud' y
heav' y	nut	70 bought
mid' dle	peo' ple	wren
tum' bled	62 failed	neck
try	sent	hel lo'
55 warm	64 earth	course
56 Boots	full	71 sup pose'
Pe' ter	dug	72 string
Paul	65 ber' ries	leg
pal' ace	luck' y	in deed'
oak	emp' ty	guin' ea
thick	ber' ry	73 end
chip	show	al' most
dig	far' ther	74 a fraid'
a' ny one	66 ex change'	quack
57 half	67 seems	75 lead' ing
king' dom	hunts	big' ger
tried	sor' ry	than
swung	school	76 queen .
dig' ging	poor	· fair' ies
bro' ken	yours	trou' ble
58 woods	cloak	part
steep	68 good-bye'	neigh
a mong'	heart	78 sing' ers
chop' ping	high' ly	won't
a lone'	re spect'-	79 world
trunk	a ble	a' ny thing
chop	midst	friend
59 laughed	e' ven	81 nice
yon' der	scared	82 crack
wood' peck er	rat	paw
spade	69 Da' vie	ears
61 wal' nut	but' ter	be lieve'
trick' led	hand	83 mis take'

84	hair		sor' row		cream
	hoofs		un less'		al though'
	an' gry	97	bil' ly-goats		tea' pot
	piled		gruff	108	real
85	fire' place		mid' dle-		Scotch
	tor' toise		sized		named
	pond		bridge		Scot' land
87	hav' ing		fierce		hang' ing
88	sun' ny		troll		Ja' mie
	blown	98	roared		danced
	bit' ter		gob' ble		co' zy
	dark' en ing	99	next		set tee'
	spite		trot' ted	109	float' ing
89	ev' er green	101	bump		lid
	brave		thump		such
90	hopped		be came'	110	heart' y
	birch	102	steam		romp
	hard		cars		ill
	shel' ter		move		learned
	rus' tled		puffed		bus' i est
91	spread		sure' ly		stud' ied
	wil' low	103	side	111	toys
	free		a long' side		set
92	gen' tly		rubbed		tools
93	spruce		scoured		work' shop
94	pine	105	chug		work' men
	ju' ni per		slow' ly		shape
	frost	106	mer' ri ly		fit
95	since	107	James Watt		for' tune
	thrush		ket' tle		fin' ger-ends
	joy		gold'-		meant
96	hid		rimmed		young
	med' dle		tea' cups		what ev' er
	touch		sug' ar	112	for got'

	work' man	117	hol' low		land
	wheels	118	chuck' led		hill' tops
	few		mud		be loved'
	pump' ing		fix	123	un tied'
113	use		ham' mer		zip
	quite	119	slept		whiz
	died		woke		coast' ing
	whirr' ing		yawned	124	spin' ning
	steam' boats		burst		twice
	same	120	U lys' ses	125	can'dy
	fel' low		bag		bite
114	lamp'-		Greece		wan' der
	light er		val' leys		folks
	near' ly		mu' sic		shape' less
	Lee' rie		shores		slim
	seat		war		tail
	lan' tern		be tween'		dead
	lad' der		Troy	126	Jap a nese'
	post' ing		brav' est		o' gre
	street	121	wom' en		Mo mo ta' ro
115	Tom		gods		wasp
	driv' er		send		chest' nut
	Ma ri' a		vic to' ri ous		mill' stone
	pa' pa's		home' ward	127	rid
	bank' er		storm		rice
	rich		is' land		bam boo'
	strong' er		Æ' o lus		wel' come
116	rab' bit		cave		eat' en
	those		sink		reach
	pan' try		rip' ples		trav' eled
	tease	122	won' der ful		soon' er
	up set'		ninth	130	it self'
	frog		clos' ing		ash' es
	mole		sun' set		bowl



- |     |            |     |               |     |                |
|-----|------------|-----|---------------|-----|----------------|
| 131 | pop        | 139 | Dick          | 144 | mo' ment       |
|     | thrust     |     | for get'      |     | or' ange       |
|     | grabbed    |     | tak' en       |     | eas' i ly      |
|     | stung      |     | breathe       | 145 | don' key       |
| 132 | fan        |     | chance        |     | com' pa ny     |
|     | sons       |     | rude          |     | chan' ti cleer |
|     | wife       |     | hard' ly      |     | Brem' en       |
|     | wives      | 140 | felt          |     | lone' ly       |
|     | Ja pan'    |     | bad' ly       |     | bound          |
|     | weeks      |     | hop' ing      | 146 | puss' y        |
| 133 | eld' er    |     | weak' er      |     | puss           |
|     | wrapped    |     | old' er       |     | pray           |
|     | pa' per    |     | po lite'      | 147 | cheer          |
|     | young' er  |     | plen' ty      |     | join           |
| 134 | eas' y     | 141 | breath        |     | goods          |
|     | wrap       |     | be long'      |     | rob' bers      |
|     | fold' ed   |     | a las'        |     | bold           |
|     | feet       |     | used          |     | liv' ing       |
|     | with in'   |     | un til'       | 148 | a head'        |
|     | hold       |     | cer' tain ly  | 150 | flies          |
|     | lo         |     | kind' ly      |     | twen' ty       |
| 135 | car' ry    |     | un der stand' |     | waste          |
|     | thin       |     | mas' ter      | 151 | goose          |
|     | face       |     | mind          |     | taste          |
| 136 | car' ried  |     | din' ner      |     | bray           |
| 137 | bugs       | 142 | muf' fin      |     | loud' ly       |
|     | rim        |     | words         | 152 | con' certs     |
|     | fades      |     | some' how     | 153 | jack' al       |
|     | dim        |     | Ka' tie       |     | al' li ga tor  |
|     | shad' ows  |     | harm          |     | care' ful      |
|     | lie        |     | pleas' ing    |     | snap           |
|     | trim       |     | spoon         |     | clev' er       |
|     | day' light | 143 | ev' er y one  |     | smart          |
| 138 | search     |     | feel' ing     | 154 | trust          |

	pshaw		got	171	for get' ting
	whew	164	pup' py-dog		teach
155	a ha'	165	loaf		sin' gle
156	pooh	166	door' step	172	Pris' sy
157	figs		bon' net		beach
	crawled		stepped		shells
159	scratched	167	St. Ives		sea' weed
	ev' er y thing		prin' cess		horse' shoe
160	close		rode		Sam
161	grass' hop-		lords-in-		foam
	per		wait' ing	173	hugged
	com' i cal		la' dies		dress
	chap		sad' dle		corn' cobs
	fare		foot' men		Nel' lie
	trou' sers	168	wits	174	doll
	jack' et		fish' er men	176	spar' row
	cap		clear		un der stood'
	wear		nets	177	cough
	low	169	swam		sneeze
	quaint		out' let		snif' fle-
	hedge		fish' er man		snuf' fle
	gay		threw	178	ruf' fle
	grand'-	170	bar' gain		sad' ly
	moth er		wher ev' er		shop' ping
	glad' ly		drowned		gown
162	E pam i non'-		ought		sash
	das		thank' ful		pair
	aun' tie		safe		slip' pers
	mam' my		squeez' ing		clothes
	hat		loose	179	pain
163	melt				



## SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

THE Primer and the First Reader of this Series have given the children an intimate contact with their own immediate environment and with the life of the community. This book enlarges the environment of the child to include the rich literary inheritance of the race — or at least that part of it which the child is prepared to appropriate.

### THE TEACHING OF PHONICS

Phonics should continue to be given in a teaching exercise and in a study period apart from the reading lesson, but it should now also form a part of the preparation for reading.

For teachers who wish to introduce syllabication into the phonic and word drills of this year, the words in the vocabulary lists, pages 183 to 189, are divided into syllables and accented. The syllabication may be taught in spelling periods and applied in the phonic and word drills. To do this the child may be taught in oral spelling to pause between the syllables of a word. When he needs help, the teacher may aid him by writing the word on the board and indicating the syllables, as in the vocabulary lists. In the reading lesson write words to be drilled upon, first without syllabizing. If the pupil is not able to get the word in this complete form, separate it into syllables, and have him work out each syllable phonically. The placing of the accent mark is the last process in teaching the pronunciation of the word.

Drills in phonics, to be interesting, should be varied and have definite aim. For instance, to teach the phonogram *ame*, first drill upon it, associated with the keyword 

came
ame

ame
-----

, and then presented alone. Drill upon it both by rhyming with it — *ame, came, same*, and by combining with it consonant sounds — *ame, fame, lame*. Give pupils practice in recognizing it in miscellaneous lists of words — *came, rock, tame* — written on the board, and also in the text of the Reader. Finally test the children by dictating a group of words based upon it, or by having them write such a group from memory.

Again, the aim of a lesson may be to show similarity in vowel sounds; in this case, use such phonograms as *am, ad, at*. Another aim may be to show dissimilarity in vowel sounds; and for this purpose, use such phonograms as *ade, at, aw*. Still another aim may be to show the effect of final *e* upon vowel sounds; and for this select for drill such phonograms as *ad, ade; it, ite*.

Take advantage of every opportunity in the reading lesson to apply the pupils' knowledge of phonics. As the result of the work, pupils should be able to recognize and use the sixty-two phonograms and the thirty-six consonant sounds taught in this book and in the Primer and the First Reader. They should be able to apply this knowledge in acquiring the vocabulary of the Second Reader; they should be self-helpful to an increasing degree in preparing the reading lesson; and they should show constant improvement in enunciation, not only in reading, but in all their oral expression.

## TABLE OF PHONOGRAMS AND CONSONANT SOUNDS

(To be taught in connection with the Second Reader)

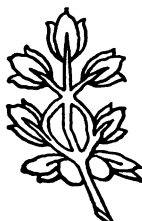
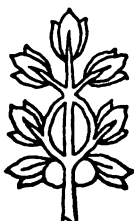
The reference in each case is to a page in connection with which the phonic element may be effectively presented.

PHONOGRAMS	KEYWORDS	CONSONANT SOUNDS	KEYWORDS
<i>it</i> 9	<i>it</i>	<i>c</i> 10	certain
<i>and</i> 11	<i>and</i>	<i>br</i> 11	bright
<i>ink</i> 14	<i>drink</i>	<i>dr</i> 14	drink
<i>in</i> 17	<i>in</i>		
<i>up</i> 17	<i>up</i>		
<i>ock</i> 17	<i>frock</i>	<i>fr</i> 17	frock
<i>ent</i> 19	<i>went</i>	<i>cr</i> 18	crept
<i>urn</i> 23	<i>turn</i>		
<i>ew</i> 25	<i>blew</i>	<i>bl</i> 25	blew
<i>ade</i> 30	<i>made</i>		
<i>ack</i> 31	<i>black</i>	<i>x</i> 31	ox
<i>ass</i> 35	<i>grass</i>	<i>v</i> 35	voice
<i>oon</i> 39	<i>moon</i>		
<i>ood</i> 40	<i>good</i>		
<i>atch</i> 41	<i>catch</i>		
<i>are</i> 43	<i>care</i>	<i>gr</i> 47	green
<i>ig</i> 51	<i>big</i>		
<i>ick</i> 53	<i>quick</i>	<i>qu</i> 53	quick
<i>ut</i> 54	<i>shut</i>	<i>st</i> 56	stood
<i>ar</i> 56	<i>far</i>	<i>tr</i> 58	tree
<i>am</i> 59	<i>am</i>		
<i>ame</i> 59	<i>came</i>		
<i>im</i> 62	<i>him</i>	<i>fl</i> 64	flew
<i>ime</i> 62	<i>time</i>	<i>y</i> 66	yes
<i>ad</i> 67	<i>glad</i>	<i>gl</i> 67	glad
<i>ead</i> 69	<i>bread</i>		
<i>ite</i> 72	<i>white</i>		
<i>out</i> 73	<i>out</i>		
<i>alk</i> 74	<i>walk</i>		
<i>ish</i> 76	<i>wish</i>		
<i>ong</i> 76	<i>song</i>		
<i>ast</i> 78	<i>fast</i>		
<i>each</i> 79	<i>each</i>	<i>j</i> 80	just
<i>ask</i> 81	<i>ask</i>		
<i>aw</i> 82	<i>paw</i>	<i>sw</i> 84	sweet



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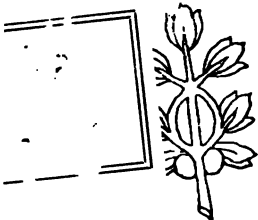
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**Van Sickle, J.H.**  
**Second reader.**



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